


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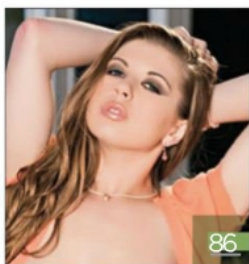
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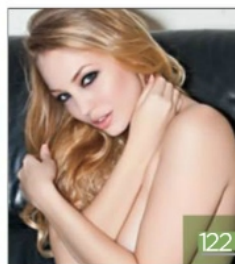
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Truly Unique

Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequaled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

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True to Machine Art esthetics, the sleek brushed stainless steel case is clear on the back, allowing a peek at the inner workings.

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Spit-Roast My Girlfriend



I watched as Tina handed one guy a condom while kissing the other. The rest was pure magic. Tina started giving one guy a blowjob, licking and sucking his cock, while the other got on his knees and began to eat her out. My cock was painfully hard behind the confines of my jeans. As much as I was dying to pull it out and stroke it, I didn't want to miss a single second of this live porn show, so I just rubbed my dick through my pants. Then I pulled out my phone with my other hand and started filming the action.

Tina stopped sucking cock long enough to say something to the guy with his tongue up her twat. He stood up, rolled the condom onto his dick, then pushed into her from behind. When he was balls-deep, Tina went back to blowing the guy in front of her. It was un-fucking-believable, watching her get tagged at both ends by these guys. One had her by the hair, shoving his cock deep into her throat, while the other pounded her from behind. Tina looked like she was really into it, clutching the guy's ass as she hollowed out her jaw to accommodate him.

Tina knew how much I wanted to see her like this, but after asking so many times and being told "Not in this lifetime, buddy," I never thought she'd agree to do it.

I knew the exact moment when the guy she was blowing came. He jerked hard against her mouth, and I saw Tina trying to swallow his come. She got most of it, but some trickled out the side of her mouth. When the guy reaming her pussy came, both Tina and he yelled loud enough for me to hear over the music. And that did it for me. I came hard, soaking the front of my jeans as I leaned back and slid down to my knees, my phone falling to the floor.

That was the only time Tina indulged my fantasy, but I have my little film, and Tina delights in telling me how it felt whenever we screw. — L.R., Texas

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You'd never know it to look at her, but my girlfriend is really into sex. Tina dresses very conservatively for her executive position at an investment firm, but when she comes home, the tailored suits, white blouses, upswept hair, and librarian glasses come off.

She knows I have lots of fantasies about her doing some guy in her no-nonsense attire while I watch. I've begged and pleaded with her in vain to give me this one thing. But last week for my birthday, she told me she wanted to go out to a new club she'd heard about. I agreed, figuring we'd have a few drinks, dance a little, then come home and screw.

On the day of my birthday, Tina called from her office and said she had to work late. She didn't want me to sit home waiting for her, so she gave me the address of the club and told me to meet her there at 11:30.

When I arrived at the club, the place was packed. I had no idea how I would find Tina. I inched my way through the crowd, checking out the bar area first, then making my way over to the dance floor. If Tina was there, she was somewhere in the middle of all those writhing bodies.

I walked the perimeter of the floor until I spotted Tina. She wasn't alone.

Tina was blissfully mashed between two big guys, both of them grinding against her. I didn't think she'd hear me over the music, so I just watched as the guys dry-humped her on the floor. Her crisp white blouse was halfway unbuttoned, but the rest of her business attire was gone. She had on a short skirt, no stockings, and mile-high heels. The look was pure after-hours Tina. Just the sight of her rubbing up against two strangers had me popping wood.

Suddenly, Tina looked directly at me and mouthed the words, "Happy birthday," as she shot me a grin filled with mischief and lust.

When the song transitioned into another bass-thumping beat, Tina led her partners off the floor and toward the back of the club. I trailed them to a dark corridor that led past the restrooms.

Tina started giving one guy a blowjob, licking and sucking his cock, while the other got on his knees and began to eat her out.

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■ UNIFORM APPEAL

A couple of months ago, I wrote a letter to *Penthouse* about my experience in San Francisco with two gorgeous sailors during Fleet Week last October. Well, after getting fucked senseless and loving it, I made plans to spend my Memorial Day holiday in New York for Fleet Week.

It had been three years since my last trip to the Big Apple, and, wanting to make the most of Fleet Week, I'd arrived in New York on Thursday night, dropped my bags off after checking in at the Marriott in Times Square. Then I made a beeline for the first bar on my list. I'd done my research and knew where to find the sailors.

The place was thick with tourists and sailors alike. I looked around, trying to decide what I was in the mood for. Then I spotted them—a guy and a girl at the bar—or rather they spotted me, which wasn't all that difficult. I was dressed for the 90-degree heat in a hoochie dress, thong, and a pair of strappy sandals. It was actually the girl who smiled at me first. She and the guy had on their summer whites—like most of the sailors in the bar—but there was something about this girl that got my heart racing. She was tall and slim with a beautiful tan and exotic-looking eyes. The guy she was with was no slouch either, but he didn't notice me until she said something in his ear. I smiled and she waved me over. A couple of beers later and we were getting along like old friends.

I invited my new pals, Jillian and Sam, back to my room at the Marriott. I suggested we pick up a couple of pizzas and some wine to take with us—my appetite can be quite fierce after a long bout of sex.

As soon as we were in the room, Sam said, "Why don't you two kiss?"

It wasn't like I hadn't made out with a girl before, and I was attracted to Jillian—I just hadn't done much more than kiss. But hey, it was Fleet Week, and as far as I was concerned, a girl in a uniform is just as sexy as a guy in one.

I felt a surge of excitement as Jillian pulled me close and pressed her lips to mine. We kissed slowly at first. Then, as we began caressing each other, the kiss grew deeper and hotter, our tongues exploring the depths of each other's mouth.

I was so into Jillian that I completely lost track of Sam—until I felt another pair of hands pull my dress up and then palm my ass. I felt the hard length



of Sam's thick cock slide between my buns, leaving a wet trail of pre-come. I pushed my ass back against him, wanting to get the most out of that hot glide, as Jillian and I continued kissing and moaning. It was good, but I needed more—I needed Sam's cock in my pussy.

Turning my head toward Sam, I said, "I need you to fuck me—now!"

Sam pushed me down on the bed and started to undress.

"Leave your uniforms on—for now," I said.

Laughing and giving me a salute, they both said, "Aye, aye, Ma'am!"

I ended up on my knees with my face buried in Jillian's cunt, with Sam fucking me doggie-style. I don't know how many times Sam fucked me to orgasm while I licked and sucked

Jillian's pussy. With Sam's deep, rhythmic thrusts driving me to tongue-fuck Jillian, my face was wet with the juicy proof of her ecstasy.

When Sam finally came, I felt the hot spurts of his ejaculations deep within me as his hard body jerked against mine.

Surrounded by two hot bodies and lots of heavy breathing, I managed to sit up enough to take off my dress and pull down my thong.

"Permission to remove our uniforms, Ma'am?" Jillian asked.

"Permission granted, sailors!" I said, laughing. Then I gave each of them a salute before helping them strip so we could fuck some more.

When we'd exhausted ourselves, we gobbled up the cold pizza and passed around the wine. Then Sam ordered up some porn on the TV, which led to more fucking before we finally ran out of steam.

I spent the remainder of my vacation sightseeing with my two sailors during the day, and fucking them at night. Nothing beats Fleet Week!—G.A., Arizona

More letters on page 132

With Sam's deep, rhythmic thrusts driving me to tongue-fuck Jillian, my face was wet with the juicy proof of her ecstasy.

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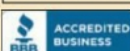
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TALKING HEADS

For almost 25 years, John Madden's namesake football simulations have pwned any and all competitors. For 2013, new commentators Phil Simms and Jim Nantz liven up the as-seen-on-TV presentation, while the game makers promise infinite variety—and they just may deliver.

PREVIEWS



MADDEN NFL 13

EA SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii)

After more than 25 installments in nearly as many years, the Madden series of pigskin sims seems incapable of showing players anything—from artificial-intelligence tricks to scuffed-up helmet decals—that they haven't seen a million times before. With *Madden NFL 13*, however, the game makers have also made the ballsy promise of infinite variety. The proof, they insist, lies in a new physics system. Such science-class concepts as momentum, velocity, and gravity

drive everything that happens after the hike, ensuring that no two plays ever look the same and that the action doesn't necessarily stop once a tackle starts.

Other improvements are less game-changing. Simulated Twitter updates and support for mobile devices let you keep tabs on the season even after you switch off your gaming rig. New commentators Jim Nantz and Phil Simms liven up the as-seen-on-TV presentation style, while the on-field visuals get a new coat of gloss (motion blur for speedy players, shadows that follow the position of the sun after each play,

and swanky new uniforms and gear complete with the Nike swoosh). The passing game has become more precise, making it easier to lead receivers right where you want them. Computer-controlled defenders, meanwhile, are smart enough to hide their coverage strategy until the crucial moments after the snap. The upshot is that each game will require more strategy on both sides of the line of scrimmage, and lazy players who relied on time-tested money plays might need to learn some nuance this time around.

**BORDERLANDS 2**

2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

It's the looting rather than the shooting that makes *Borderlands 2* every bit as addictive as its blockbuster prequel. This hybrid of roleplaying game and first-person shooter sends you and up to three friends on combat missions across the planet Pandora, where fallen foes spill exotic guns and such ammo as militarized piñatas. A variety of character classes—sniper, commando, etc.—and a seemingly unlimited supply of offensive loot encourage constant experimentation with play styles, vehicle strategies, and weapon load outs. Imagine *Diablo III* turned into a first-person shooter and you can picture the bleary-eyed nights you'll lose to *Borderlands 2*. In other words, you'll come for the combat but stay for the spoils of war.

**DISHONORED**

BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Framed for murdering the empress he was assigned to protect, the game's main character becomes an infamous assassin on the blood-soaked trail for vengeance. Things quickly go from bad to weird when your blade-wielding antihero is bestowed with supernatural abilities that let him teleport, stop time, possess foes, and much more. These powers, along with an upgrade system that unlocks new weapons and techniques, live up the business of dealing death. Choosing your approach for each assassination is part of the fun here. Use shadows and spells for stealth, or simply charge into foes in a bloody whirlwind of blades. The game's most compelling feature might be the environment itself—a dismal, steampunk-inspired metropolis created by the art director of *Half-Life 2*.

**FAR CRY 3**

UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

This sequel adds two crucial ingredients to the free-form violence made famous in the first two games: sex and drugs. Once again, you—in the guise of wayward tourist Jason Brody—debarb onto a lush island overrun with savage enemies, but this time the journey from hunted to hunter is more of a head trip. Brody's tormentor, a drug-crazed pirate named Vaas, sends the hero down a rabbit hole of trippy visuals and clever nods to videogame clichés, often smashing the fourth wall in the process. As for the sex, let's just say that you'll appreciate the game's incredible visual fidelity when Brody shacks up with the tattooed, topless leader of the island's indigenous population.

**SLEEPING DOGS**

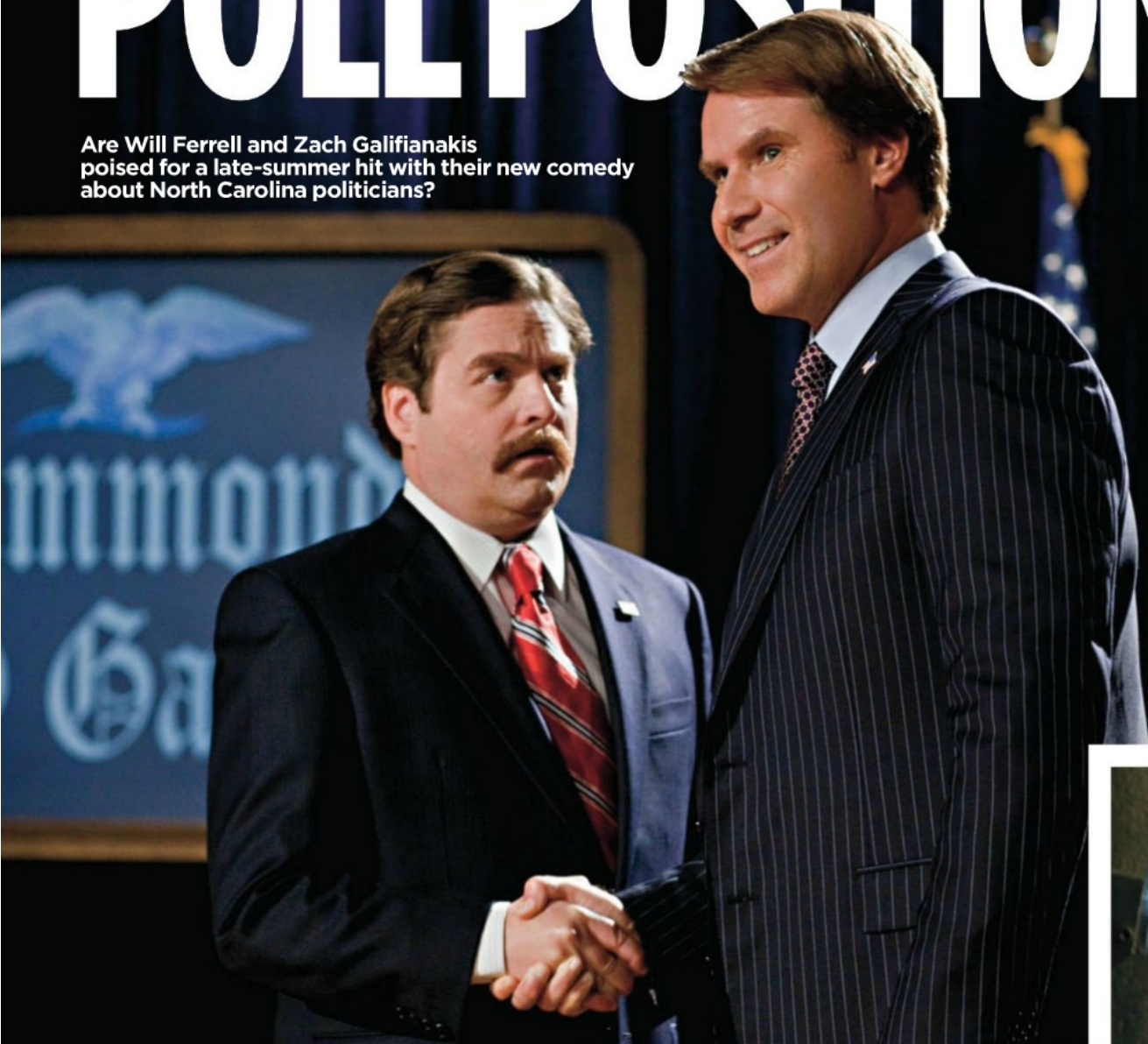
SQUARE ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The Hong Kong air is thick with hot lead and burning rubber in this gritty, open-world adventure best described as a Far East version of *Grand Theft Auto*. But while combat in the GTA games is all about gunplay, disputes in *Sleeping Dogs* are usually settled mano a mano. You play undercover cop Wei Shen, tasked with infiltrating the notorious Triad crime organization. Shen is a chop-socky maestro, able to wield every object in the game's world—from circular saws to stove tops—as a backup to his lightning-fast kicks and bone-snapping countermoves. Supplement your cop income with all manner of seedy underworld activities, from street racing to betting on cockfights. And what would a game set in Hong Kong be without a karaoke minigame? **A+**

PREVIEWS

POLL POSITION

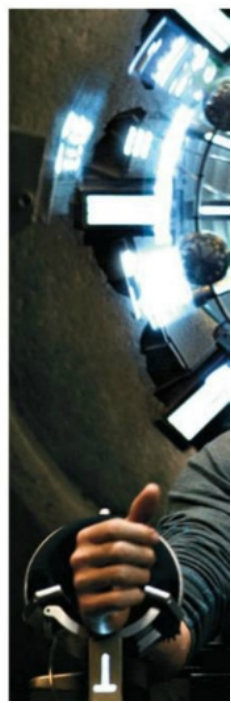
Are Will Ferrell and Zach Galifianakis poised for a late-summer hit with their new comedy about North Carolina politicians?



Total Recall

Kate Beckinsale, Jessica Biel, Colin Farrell

Abandon any hope of seeing something as *Ah*nold-rific as the 1990 original, which also featured a prostitute with three tits. (Ah, sci-fi, how we love you.) Still, this forthcoming rethink has a lot going for it. For one, the setting sounds intriguingly ominous: an Orwellian future where two huge superpowers—Euroamerica and New Shanghai—compete for economic dominance. Our brain-wiped hero (Farrell) is some kind of spy, so perhaps the action will hew closer to the mindfuckery of *Inception*. And of course the eye candy includes Beckinsale and Biel—most likely sporting the standard complement of mammary glands, but still.





The Campaign

Will Ferrell, Zach Galifianakis

With mere months to go before America picks its next glutton-for-punishment-in-chief, no one can be blamed for feeling political fatigue. But will the day ever come when we grow tired of the infantile Ferrell or Mr. Weird Beard, Galifianakis? We doubt it, happily, and this election flick starring the two comedians as competing North Carolina pols may prove funnier than the real thing (especially since Msrs. Cain and Trump are long gone). There's no lesser of two evils here—we're back to talking about the film now—just a couple of shameless dopes. Expect political pandering to take a satirical punch to the gut, regardless of party affiliation. Steering the project is Jay Roach, best known for the *Austin Powers* and *Fockers* franchises, and recently, a small-screen success with HBO's tart-tongued Sarah Palin drama *Game Change*. That bodes well for this one; additionally, the cast is Altman-deep with such comic legends as Dan Aykroyd, John Lithgow, and Brian Cox.



REVIEWS



2 Days in New York

Julie Delpy, Chris Rock

In addition to being the luminous star of such movies as *Before Sunrise* and *Before Sunset*, Delpy is a longtime director and screenwriter who studied with the best of them at NYU. Her latest effort places her both behind and in front of the camera in an inconsistent but ultimately winning comedy about a pair of cozy Manhattanites who suffer a French invasion—namely, shower-averse relatives from abroad who come, it seems, just to embarrass them. The filmmaker's own father plays a boisterous dad with no English, but Delpy's ace in the hole is Rock, embodying the committed boyfriend with perfect exasperation.



Compliance

Ann Dowd, Dreama Walker

Based on several real-life incidents, this squirm-inducing drama—a hot potato at this year's Sundance Film Festival—takes place in a fast-food franchise, where an attractive counterperson (the fearless Walker) is accused of stealing by a mysterious phone caller, who identifies himself as a cop. The naive restaurant manager is instructed to take her employee to the office, detain her for questioning, and perform a strip search. (Worse is yet to come.) Grounded in a real sense of economic despair that has everyday people crossing unthinkable lines, the film is easily the summer's most expert piece of provocation. There's nudity here, but if you get off on it, best keep that to yourself—or seek professional help.



Robot and Frank

Frank Langella, Peter Sarsgaard

That Frank of the title is the masterful Langella (*Frost/Nixon*), playing a mentally decaying ex-burglar, whose grown-up children provide him with a fully functioning robot to take care of his needs. (The movie is science fiction, but of the brainy, haunts-your-mind-afterward variety.) The robot—a faceless, white-hued “butler” with the curiosity of a dotting son—has the firm voice of Sarsgaard. Meanwhile, the old dog takes the opportunity to teach his unwanted caretaker the art of the heist—and to put those lessons into practice. Equal parts sneaky comedy and emotional stunner, it's the kind of summer flick that flies in under the radar and roosts. **C+**

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY (THE CAMPAIGN) WARNER BROS./PATIPERRET, (TOTAL RECALL) COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC./MICHAEL GIBSON, (2 DAYS IN NEW YORK) MAGNOLIA PICTURES, (COMPLIANCE) MAGNOLIA PICTURES, (ROBOT AND FRANK) SAMUEL GOLDWYN FILMS/STAGE 6 FILMS

INTERVIEW

FRIEDKIN AWESOME

The legendary director of *The Exorcist*, 77-year-old William Friedkin, tackles human foibles on a lesser—and funnier—scale in his new black comedy.

In 2006, William Friedkin stepped out of his comfort zone to direct the sci-fi movie *Bug*, which turned out to be a commercial and critical disaster. Now the Academy Award-winning filmmaker (for directing *The French Connection*) returns with *Killer Joe*, an offbeat examination of a Texas trailer-park family that hires a corrupt lawman (Matthew McConaughey) to kill a relative. The film has the edgy characterizations of Friedkin's earlier work, plus the alluring Gina Gershon to bring life to its stark sexuality.

Why did you make *Killer Joe*?

Great script. It touches on a theme that has always interested me, which is the thin line between good and evil that's in everyone. [Playwright] Tracy Letts is one of the two or three best dramatists around.

***Killer Joe* received an NC-17 rating. Why, and is it justified?**

The ratings board is totally subjective. I used to know Aaron Stern well. He's the guy who started the board. His first year, he had to rate *The Exorcist*. A half hour after he saw it with his board, he called and said it was going to get an R with no cuts. And he said, "We're going to take a lot of heat for that, and so are you, but I think this film is important and should be seen. Now I'm going to call [Warner Bros. head] Ted Ashley and tell him that." Warners and I fully expected we were going to get an X, which is why they opened it in 26 theaters. Some of the theaters in the first release played it as X. The board then was liberal. It then went

through phases where it became more conservative. I believe it's conservative today, but I believe the ratings are also inconsistent. There's no rule book. The only rule I've ever heard of—and I don't know if they follow it—is if you use the "F" word more than three times, you're going to get, at best, an R.

***Killer Joe* is an assassin for hire. Were you ever asked to make the character more likable?**

No. I think he is likable. He's real. Captain America is likable, but is he real? Most of the movies today are from comic books or videogames. Obviously someone likes those characters because they pay big bucks to see them.

Do you watch a lot of contemporary films?

No.

What did you think of the four prequels and sequels to *The Exorcist*?

I hear they were bad, but I've never seen them. I was told by an executive at Warner Bros. that they had a preview of *Exorcist II* in Pasadena. The executives pulled up in limos and told



their drivers, "Get a sandwich, we'll be out in two hours." The limos left and the executives went inside and sat in the back row. About ten minutes later a guy stood up in the audience and yelled out, "The people who made this piece of shit are in this room." Others stood up and said, "Where? Where are they?" "They're in the last row, back there!" The Warner executives got up and ran out of the theater. Their cars were gone and they were chased down the block to the fast-food joint where the limos were waiting.

Next year Warner Bros. is releasing yet another *Exorcist* Blu-ray to celebrate the film's 40th anniversary, with new documentaries and special content. Why does the film still work?

It's a great story. The characters are fascinating and it's about the mystery of faith.

What story about the effect of the film amazed you most?

James Cagney and I were interviewed on a television show. When I got to the studio, the producer said, "Mr. Cagney is in the greenroom in makeup and he'd like to have a word with you." I had never met him, but of course I loved his films. I go into the greenroom and introduce myself and he says, "Sit down, son." I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "I have a bone to pick with you." "What's that, sir?" "I had a barber for 37 years. He was the best barber I ever had. And he saw your movie and he left the barber profession to become a priest ... and I'm mad at you for that." I said, "I'm sorry, sir. If I had known that I might not have made the film."

"[*Killer Joe*] touches on a theme that has always interested me, which is the thin line between good and evil that's in everyone."

With gay rights and gay marriage being hot-button issues during this election year, do you think a studio might remake *Cruising* or *The Boys in the Band*?

They'd never make *Cruising* today. *The Boys in the Band* ... the idea is somewhat dated. There are still gay men in the closet, but they don't need to be anymore because no one gives a shit. You'd have to be a total imbecile to care who's gay or not gay. A lot of the press exists simply to out this or that famous person as being gay, but I don't know anyone who really cares.

Al Pacino has said you never told him if he was the killer in *Cruising*.

I never told him, no. First of all, I didn't know until I went in the cutting room. I don't know if it would have changed his performance by so much as one frame. Why should he know if he's the killer or not when the audience doesn't know? Why is that important?

What's your greatest regret in your film career?

That I never made *Sorcerer* with Steve McQueen [the film starred Roy Scheider]. McQueen could do more with a look than the average actor could do with a speech from *Hamlet*. He could do anything with a look. If you see McQueen in his best films, you can understand what he was thinking. When I made *To Live and Die in L.A.*, I showed my three leads [William Petersen, Willem Dafoe, and John Pankow], who had little acting experience on the screen, *Bullitt* and told them, "This should be your only lesson in screen acting. Just look at McQueen and you will understand how to be a movie actor." 





MOVING TARGET

The Darkness are back, soaring between the awesome and the absurd.

The Darkness
Hot Cakes
 Wind-up Records
 ★★ 1/2

With their catsuits, falsetto vocals, and preposterous lyrics, the Darkness make people uneasy. They seem to be taking the piss, as the English say. But then there are their considerable glam-rock chops, and the fact that many of their songs do indeed completely rawk. So which is it? Let's take a look at the opening salvo from their first album since 2005: "Baby I was a loser/ several years on the dole/ an Englishman with a very high voice/ Doing rock 'n' roll/ But there are seas of sleeveless

T-shirts/ and queues around the block/ (uh) and every man, woman, and child wants to ... [cue sky-high falsetto] suck my cock!" All righty, then. They're definitely taking the piss. But then comes the straightforwardly awesome opening to "Nothing's Gonna Stop Us," the stick-to-your-ribs riff of "With a Woman," and the gnarly "Street Spirit (Fade Out)," to confuse the whole enterprise again. That's their MO: keeping you off-balance between the sublime and the ridiculous—two great tastes that don't always taste great together.



Attika 7
Blood of My Enemies
 Rocket Science Ventures/THC
 ★ 1/2



There's something to be said for a metal veteran who decries the glut of Cookie Monster vocalists in the genre and touts his album as an antidote, as Attika 7 singer Evan Seinfeld does. But when that record is full of generic riffs and even more generic, on-the-nose lyrics, well, thanks for the effort, but.... A collaboration among ex-Biohazard frontman Seinfeld, ex-con and biker Rusty Coones, and Soulfly bassist Tony Campos (formerly of Static-X and Ministry), Attika 7 do have their moments. Opener "Crackerman" and "Greed and Power" pack some double-kick-drum wallop, and the title track is threaded with a snaky riff, but the bulk of it is paint-by-numbers stuff, deep-sixed by rudimentary lyrics.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY (THE DARKNESS) MARIANNE HARRIS; (ATTIKA 7) ADRENALINE PR.; (BILLY JOE SHAWER) SMITH MUSIC GROUP; (REDD KROSS) BY JONATHAN KROP



Billy Joe Shaver
Live at Billy Bob's Texas
Smith Music Group
★★★



Shaver is a grizzled 73-year-old from Corsicana, Texas, whose songs have been recorded by Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, and Elvis Presley—and his life itself reads like a country-blues epic: left school at age 13 to pick cotton, lost parts of two fingers in a sawmill mishap, found success as a Nashville songwriter, lost his wife to cancer and his son (and guitar player) to a drug overdose, and shot a man in—well, not Reno, but just outside Waco, Texas. That last incident yielded “Wacko from Waco,” cowritten with Nelson and one of two new songs that appear on *Live at Billy Bob's*, a rock-solid concert DVD/CD of Shaver classics, including “Georgia on a Fast Train,” “Honky Tonk Heroes,” and “Old Five and Dimers Like Me.”



Redd Kross
Researching the Blues
Merge
★★★



Brothers Jeff and Steven McDonald formed Redd Kross in 1978 as a trashy, long-hair entrant in the West Coast hardcore scene. By the time they released their sixth album, 1997's *Show World*, they'd evolved into a taut, glammy power-pop band—and then they called it quits for nine years. While Steven (who's also the bassist for neo-hardcore outfit OFF!) took a job as an A&R man, Jeff worked in movies. On *Researching the Blues*, they come barreling back with ten tight tunes, from the garage-y bounce of the title track to the swagger and squall of “Uglier” and the pounding riffage of “The Nu Temptations.” They also unspool swoony melodies on “Dracula's Daughters” and Beatles-esque ruminations on “Winter Blues.”

They Write the Songs

Five Behind-the-Scenes Hit Makers

Dr. Luke and Max Martin, 1999—: These two tied for ASCAP's 2010 Songwriter of the Year Award after cranking out such inescapable songs as “California Gurls” (Katy Perry with Snoop Dogg), “Dynamite” (Taio Cruz), and “Teenage Dream” (Perry). **Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, 1948–87:** You may not have heard of this husband-and-wife duo, but you've definitely heard their tunes, including such all-timers as “Wake Up Little Susie,” “Bye Bye Love,” and

“Rocky Top.” **Prince, 1978—:** The Artist Formerly and Once Again Known as Prince has written numerous hits for other artists, such as “Manic Monday” (the Bangles), “The Glamorous Life” (Sheila E.), and “Nothing Compares 2 U” (Sinéad O'Connor), among others. **Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, 1952–1982:** “Hound Dog,” “Jailhouse Rock,” “Stand by Me,” “Love Potion No. 9,” “On Broadway,” the list goes on—these two were monumental hit makers.



Holland-Dozier-Holland, 1962–1973: Brothers Brian and Edward Holland teamed with Lamont Dozier to create an unconscionable 25 No. 1 hit singles for Motown in the 1960s, including “Baby Love,” “Stop! In the Name of Love,” and “Come See About Me.”

Seeing Sounds

When it comes to band names, musicians have always been attracted to colors. Here are some of the best chromatic handles in popular music.

BAND, YEARS ACTIVE: Black Sabbath, 1969–2006, 2011—

COLOR FINDER: They named themselves after a Mario Bava film of the same name, starring Boris Karloff. Previous monikers? The Polka Tulk Blues Band (no, really) and Earth. **SUITABILITY:** 10. Can we go to 11? As Rage Against the Machine guitarist Tom Morello put it, “The heaviest, scariest, coolest riffs ... kick-ass, evil groove[s].”

BAND, YEARS ACTIVE: The White Stripes, 1997–2011

COLOR FINDER: The band always appeared in some combination of red, white, and black. “I ... think they are the most powerful color combination of all time,” Jack White

SUITABILITY: 10. The seeming non sequitur sums up the band, which started out as a blues-influenced quartet and evolved into a psychedelic-rock phenomenon.

BAND, YEARS ACTIVE: Agent Orange, 1979—

COLOR FINDER: Mike Palm, frontman for the Orange County, California, surf-punk band, once said, “I was looking for something that says where we are from.... We had heard the phrase used in news reports ... but we weren't really aware of what was going on. Punk bands have had a history of coming up with shocking names, but that's not what we were going for. I think it suits us.”

SUITABILITY: 10. Considering the above quote, we revised our original 5 up to a 10:



told *Rolling Stone*, “from a Coca-Cola can to a Nazi banner.”

SUITABILITY: 8.5. The name and color combinations were attention-grabbers, and a good offset to the duo's sound, which *The New York Times* called a “stripped-down, punked-up take on Delta blues.”

BAND, YEARS ACTIVE: Pink Floyd, 1965–1996, 2005

COLOR FINDER: Founding member Syd Barrett came up with Pink Floyd on the spur of the moment by combining the names of bluesmen Pink Anderson and Floyd Council.

They were just young, loud, and snotty—and ignorant! Perfect.

BAND, YEARS ACTIVE: Deep Purple, 1968–1976, 1984—

COLOR FINDER: The band once billed as the loudest group in the world has a rather quaint story behind its name: “Deep Purple” was an old pop song that guitarist Ritchie Blackmore's grandmother used to play on the piano. True story.

SUITABILITY: 9. Nonferocious origins aside, the name suits the legendary authors of “Smoke on the Water” and “Highway Star.”



HEAD OVER HEELS

We love sexy shoes as much as the next guy, but even we were surprised by our lust-filled reaction to “Stiletto,” an ode to screwing in six-inch heels by rising dance-pop star Emii.

By Kara Wahlgren

Come here and bite me like an animal.” That’s the not-so-subtle welcome message on Emii’s website at press time, and the first thing that pops up when you Google her name. Playing coy isn’t exactly her thing—she’s spent the past two years building buzz with her racy lyrics and sci-fi-sexy music videos. And the Youngstown, Ohio, native has always liked to cause a stir—as a toddler, she once climbed a 30-foot ladder to steal her sister’s thunder during a piano recital. At 13, she demanded that her parents homeschool her so she could spend more time doing community theater and schmoozing local producers. “I grew up attracted to the stage in a very unsettling way for my poor parents,” Emii says. “I think they knew that, soon enough, I would be running off to New York City, and their innocent daughter would be corrupted by the big city.” Sure enough, when she turned 18, she left for New York with a fame-or-bust attitude: “I decided that it didn’t really matter if I had to live on ramen noodles and bagels—I would be doing music until I died.” Now, the 27-year-old is living in L.A., recording her first full-length album, and having a damn good time on the cusp of überfame. We caught up with Emii while she was prepping her debut album, and she opened up about her geeky guilty pleasures and why it’s important to practice safe stiletto-wearing in the bedroom.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GABRIEL NEYRA AND JOSHUA PAUL MILLER



"I'd gone to a ballet class and a jazz class, and the girls were so mean to me. I was like, 'Fuck this shit!' I can't say I'm a very good belly dancer, but I'm learning."

What can you tell us about the album?

It's gonna be badass. I don't want to spoil the surprises, but it's going really well. I'm way too excited.

Your 2010 EP, *Magic*, had a definite rock vibe. Are you bringing that sound to the new album?

For the most part, I'm going to focus on pop and dance music. But there's always going to be that element of rock—that's always going to be present in whatever I do. Because people seem to be able to point that out in me, like, "You grew up with rock music, didn't you?" Of course I did! I love all music, and I do whatever feels good.

You worked with Snoop Dogg on your single "Mr. Romeo." How did you pull that off?

I was recording master vocals for "Mr. Romeo," and it was pretty much done. I was in the studio with my producer, and we were joking back and forth, like, "Okay, who can add a little magic to 'Mr. Romeo'?" Snoop's name came up, but really—how do you get in touch with Snoop Dogg? But the owner of the recording studio heard my vocals and he just happened to have Snoop's manager's phone number in his cellphone. I'm still pinching myself over it. I'm so thankful. Snoop's a really cool, down-to-earth guy.

The video had a *Final Fantasy* feel to it. Are you a gamer?

Oh, yeah, absolutely. I am so grateful for my team because they really embraced my geek-ness and my creative side.

What other geeky obsessions do you have?

Comic books—I'm a huge Marvel fan. I'm a huge science-fiction fan. I grew up addicted to *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*. I love costuming and dressing up. For a show in Beirut, I wore a Han Solo replica belt onstage in front of 25,000 people. And they all thought it was cool.

It seems like your personal style is influenced by animation—big hair, impossible shoes, futuristic costumes.

Absolutely. I take a lot of style inspiration from things like *Final Fantasy* and *Assassin's Creed*



SIRENS

"Ain't nothing wrong with putting on a good pair of stilettos and having a good time.... Of course, you don't want to stab anybody, so you have to be skilled in the art of stilettos in the bedroom."



videogames and science fiction. And I like whatever I wear to be functional. If I'm going to wear armor, it has to be metal, and it has to have the right texture—like, if someone's going to come at me with a battle ax, I want to be able to shield myself. I don't want to do anything half-assed.

Good thinking. Who are your musical influences?

Christie Hynde of the Pretenders, and Michael Jackson, of course. And I grew up with the Offspring—their song "Staring at the Sun" is the song I did my first belly-dance performance to. All the traditional belly dancers looked at me like I was freaking insane. But I had fun, and that's all that matters.

You're a belly dancer?

I wanted to learn how to dance. I'd gone to a ballet class and a jazz class, and the girls were so mean to me. I was like, "Fuck this shit!" I went to this belly-dance school and I was like, "You know what? This is fun." I can't say I'm a very good belly dancer, but I'm learning. I'm a martial artist, so it took me a while to get into the groove of dancing.

What martial arts do you do?

I'm focused on muay Thai, boxing, and American Kempo. But I've done tae kwon do and jujitsu and stuff. It's second to music—it's kept me in line.

Does that mean you're a big UFC fan?

I haven't seen a real match since Forrest Griffin! I have a lot of catching up to do. I've been locked in the studio.



Well, it's paid off. What kind of feedback have you gotten since you released "Stilettos"?

I've been really thankful that my fans have appreciated it. It's all about celebrating the little things in life. I mean, it's a song about heels! A few people have been like, "Oh, it's a materialistic song, *blah blah blah*." I say you've got to stop and smell the roses. You can still be deep and enlightened and all that jazz, but ain't nothing wrong with putting on a good pair of stilettos and having a good time!

Do you have a favorite pair?

Yeah—they're thigh-high, red-leather Michael Antonio stilettos. They're ridiculous! I think they have, like, a five-inch heel.

So a nice, practical shoe.

You know what? They're really comfortable! I can dance in them, I can kick in them. I can't run very fast in them—but I can't run very fast in sneakers.

The song has some pretty racy lyrics. Did you make a conscious decision to lay it all out there?

Oh, yeah. I don't like to censor myself, because these are feelings that most people have. Some people are afraid to say it—I'm really not. It's okay to be sexy. It's okay to be a flirt.

There's a great line in there: "Told me to take it all off, but no matter what, leave the heels on." Do you really recommend getting down in spike heels?

From personal experience, I think it definitely packs a punch. Of course, you don't want to stab anybody, so you have to be skilled in the art of stilettos in the bedroom. But practice makes perfect. OTW



American Reunion

If you're keeping count, this is the eighth installment in the *American Pie* franchise—although we like to pretend the previous two sequels and the four straight-to-DVD spin-offs never happened. In this nostalgic comedy, the gang returns to Michigan for their high school reunion. Jim and Michelle are married, pretty much everyone else is broken up, and Finch is still obsessed with banging Stifler's mom. Okay, it doesn't exactly break any new ground, but it's funny enough to be a worthy follow-up to the first film. Blu-ray bonuses include deleted scenes, a gag reel, and featurettes on our favorite character, Jim's dad (played by Eugene Levy), and the fine art of "crotch-blasting."

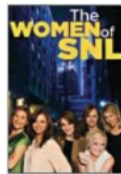
PARTY LIKE IT'S 1999

Before there was the zombie apocalypse, there was Y2K madness—so it's fitting that this month, some of our end-of-the-millennium favorites are invading shelves.



Mystery Men

In this superhero spoof, Captain Amazing secretly negotiates the release of his nemesis to drum up business for himself. But Captain Amazing gets captured, and a team of heroes with not-so-super powers (bowling, farting, tantrums) is tasked with saving the world. When this flick was released in 1999, it failed to deliver, despite the powerhouse cast: Ben Stiller, Janeane Garofalo, William H. Macy, Hank Azaria, Greg Kinnear, Geoffrey Rush, and Paul Reubens (aka Pee-wee Herman). But it's become a cult hit and makes a worthy addition to any comic geek's movie collection. The new Blu-ray edition features director commentary and making-of footage.



The Women of SNL

Despite some killer female talent in its early years, *Saturday Night Live* was decidedly a boys' club for the first couple of decades (Jane Curtin and Janeane Garofalo have openly complained about sexism behind the scenes). That changed—at least a little bit—when a wave of hilarious women joined the cast in the late nineties and Tina Fey became the show's first female head writer. This collection pays homage to those women, including Rachel Dratch, Kristen Wiig, and Amy Poehler. The DVD includes a new *Real Housewives*-style reunion parody and classic footage of Curtin, Gilda Radner, and Laraine Newman.

Want to Go Way Back?

Hit rewind and revisit these crucial classics.



Star Trek: The Next Generation Season One

The Blu-ray edition of the show's first season includes bonus features like a crew analysis, mission logs, and loads of making-of footage.



Full Metal Jacket: 25th Anniversary Edition

The Stanley Kubrick 'Nam drama is being rereleased on Blu-ray with all the original supplements, plus an exclusive 44-page Digibook featuring reflections from Matthew Modine and behind-the-scenes photos.



Invasion of the Body Snatchers

This 56-year-old horror classic is considered one of the best sci-fi flicks ever made (and remade, *three times*). Now you can get creeped out by pod people in high-def. Expect bonus features like audio commentary, a retrospective, and trivia.

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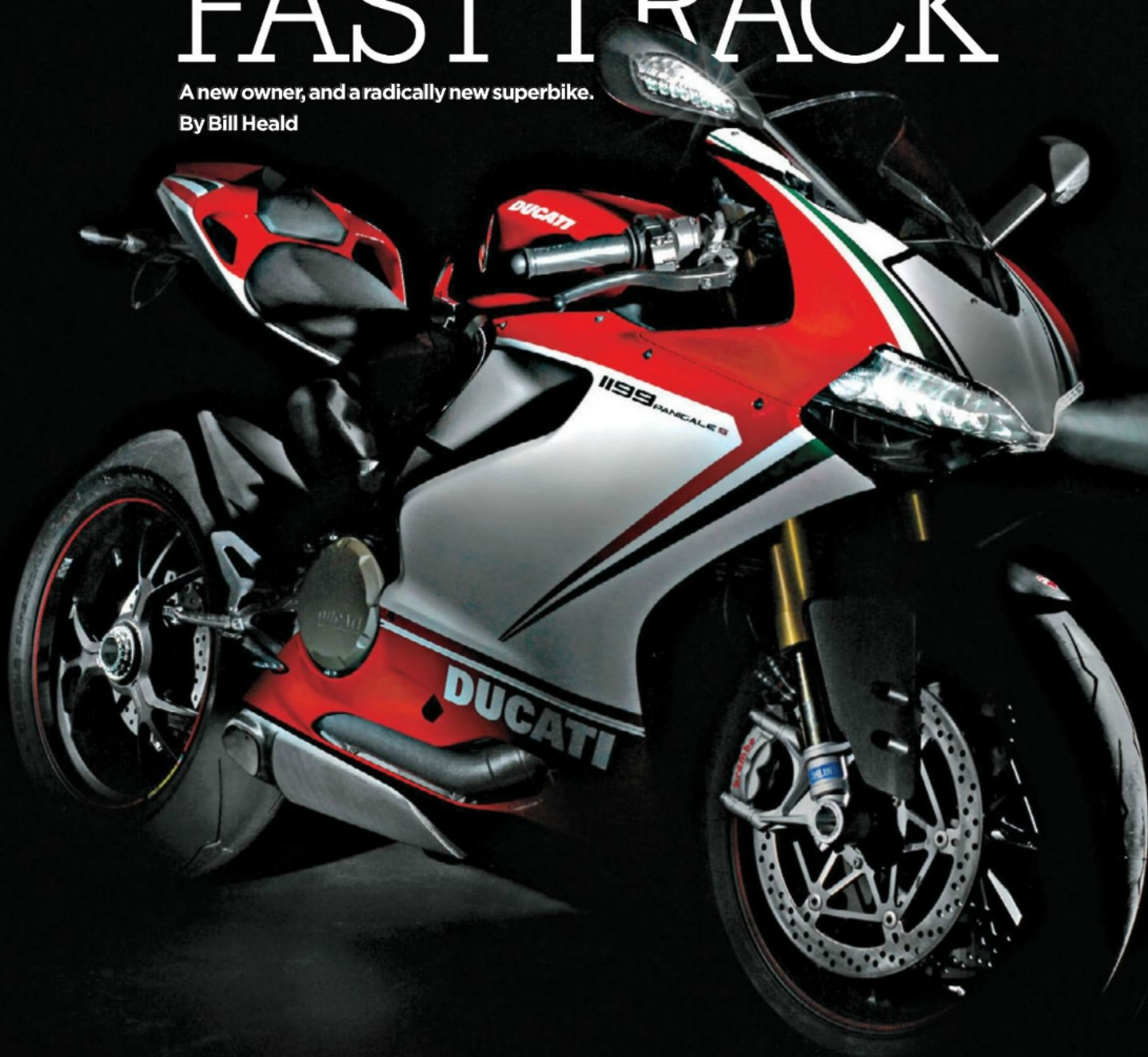
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TRADITION TAKES THE FAST TRACK

A new owner, and a radically new superbike.

By Bill Heald





In the challenging world of high-performance motorcycles, Ducati has occupied a very special niche. Over the decades, the Italian concern has had several owners, but has somehow managed to make its soulful, singular identity as permanent as the red bikes' reputation for winning championships. With the signature 90-degree V-twin

engines (and the deeply melodic exhaust note that identifies the bikes as surely as the sexy, race-bred styling), the steady evolution of the brand's motorcycles both kept it competitive at the track and ensured its place as one of the most coveted street bikes on the planet.

Freshly acquired by Audi AG, Ducati has done something extraordinary with its flagship Superbike that represents a quantum leap in tech-

nology, yet still maintains its core personality. Indeed, when you first gaze upon the Superbike 1199 Panigale, you see the latest styling iteration of a long line of beautiful, distinctive Superbikes. It still screams Ducati, from the sharp, wind-piercing nose (with triangular air ducts) to the iconic single-sided rear swingarm. What lies beneath the svelte bodywork, however, is a whole 'nother kettle of pasta, for the 195-horse-



power Superquadro V-twin (with Ducati's signature desmodromic valves) nestled in an all-new chassis is, by itself, a true revelation. Ducati claims "the highest production motorcycle power-to-weight and torque-to-weight ratios in the world," and who are we to argue? With so much raw thrust on tap, it is truly fortunate that the engineering that allows so much muscle is also up to the task of helping the rider control it, thanks to a multimode riding system (Race, Sport, and Wet) and Ducati's superb Traction Control. The higher-spec S, S ABS, and Tricolore models not only introduce numerous chassis enhancements, but they also incorporate suspension and braking alterations into the riding modes at the touch of a button. It's almost like having your own crew chief inside the bike to tweak engine, suspension, traction control, and brake settings, even on the fly.

As if all this weren't impressive enough, the most dramatic change for Ducati is the frame. For decades, the design approach dictated a steel-tube "trellis"-style backbone, and the engineers managed to make it work well, even when racing at the limit. The Panigale abandons this approach and



uses a minimalist monocoque aluminum unit that is remarkably compact and strong. This new structure is more than 11 pounds lighter, and allows for both repositioning of the engine and altering the rider ergonomics for better weight distribution (52:48 percent front-to-rear for better steering precision and stability). Radical changes like this may not be a Ducati trademark, but blowing the competition into the weeds is, and that quality remains thankfully intact in this potent, two-wheeled masterpiece. **01**

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled V-twin
Bore x stroke	112 mm x 60.8 mm
Displacement	1,198 cc
Fuel system	Mitsubishi electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	50-mm Marzocchi slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single Sachs shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 330-mm disc, radial-mounted calipers, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 245-mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70 ZR17 Pirelli Diablo Supercorsa SP
Rear tire	200/55 ZR17 Pirelli Diablo Supercorsa SP
Fuel tank	4.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	56.57 inches
Seat height	32.48 inches
Curb weight	361.5 pounds
Base price	1199: \$17,995; 1199S: \$22,995; 1199S w/ABS: \$23,995; 1199 Tricolore: \$27,995



Less Is Everything

Lightness, balance, focus, and style: Scion creates a sports car for purists.

By Bill Heald




We can certainly point to times in life when more mass is better, such as when you're selecting a pile of gold bricks, a defensive lineman, or a juicy T-bone steak. But if you want a supermodel, a backpack, or a true sports car (and by the latter I mean a potent machine that can carve up a twist-laden mountain road like a defensive lineman attacking a T-bone steak), you want something trim that's light on its feet.

With the exception of a certain Lexus supercar you've seen on these pages, Toyota has not had a real sports machine in its stable for quite a while. The hot new coupe you see here is not only phenomenally feathery in weight and deliciously distinctive in form, it also has a unique lineage. The FR-S (Front-engine, Rear-wheel-drive, Sport) finds itself in Toyota's youth-focused Scion division because the company is paying homage to its enthusiast street-racer roots where less really is more. The sports car is "most inspired by the AE86 generation of the Corolla, better known as the Hachi-Roku, meaning '8-6' in Japanese," explains a Scion spokesman. "[The] front-engine, rear-wheel-drive coupe was lightweight and well-balanced, making it a solid choice for driving enthusiasts."

The FR-S concept was revealed last year to tantalize the performance crowd, and the production version is remarkably faithful to the designer's ideal. In a first for Toyota, the car was codeveloped with Subaru (Toyota owns about 17 percent of Subaru), and the relationship becomes clear when you look at the hard parts of the car. The heart and soul of the FR-S is its 100-horsepower-per-liter flat-four Boxer engine, which is Subaru's tried-and-true engine architecture (and the engine format for their legendary WRX sports sedan). The Scion's mill has both Subaru's and Toyota's names on it, and the D-4S fuel-injection system incorporates both direct and port injection at each cylinder, and is derived from the Lexus IS F platform. The flat Boxer layout not only allows for a low center of gravity,

but it's mounted far enough back in the engine compartment to help achieve a 53:47 front-to-rear weight ratio for optimal handling. The weight balance and the rear-drive chassis makes drifting the tail on corner exits a simple affair, and makes you wonder what wild goodness will be possible when the tuning set gets their hands on this car and starts tweaking it for all kinds of racing applications.

Inside, the enthusiast designers continued to have their way, including a top of the dash they describe as a "flat-horizon" design, influenced by "the simple purity of the Toyota 2000GT dash." That's a classic roadster that goes back to James Bond's *You Only Live Twice* days. There's 2+2 seating, but we say fold down those tiny rear seats for cargo use so your supermodel can toss in her ultralight backpack filled with low-mass lingerie for a quick getaway. With a base price around \$25K, buy two and use one for club racing and one for the street. Brilliant. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Front-engine, two-door coupe
Engine	Two-liter, horizontally opposed four
Power	200 horsepower
Torque	151 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual, six-speed automatic
Front tires	215/45 R17 Michelin Primacy HP summer
Rear tires	215/45 R17 Michelin Primacy HP summer
Curb weight	Manual: 2,758 pounds; automatic: 2,806 pounds


PERFORMANCE

0-60	6.2 seconds
Top speed	137 mph
Fuel capacity	13.2 gallons
EPA mpg	Manual: 22 city/30 highway; automatic: 25 city/34 highway
Base price	Manual: \$24,200; automatic: \$25,300



NOT-SO-EVIL TWIN



When you have a joint venture such as Toyota and Subaru combining their design resources to build an awesome new coupe, the result is a car that each manufacturer is proud to put its name on. If you'd like something slightly different from the Scion FR-S, try the Subaru BRZ. Like a couple of hot twins, they are pretty much identical, yet there are subtle differences (like the Subaru having a standard navigation system and therefore a higher base price). For the buyer it's all good, because it just increases buying options and dealer choices so you can get your perfect ride. 



■ IdeaCentre A720

Lenovo • \$1,849

The popularity of touch-screen tablets is finally influencing the evolution of desktop systems, and Lenovo's IdeaCentre A720 is the most radical redesign yet. Like any recent all-in-one PC, it functions as a living room media center and a productivity powerhouse. The most novel feature is its frameless 27-inch touch screen, the slimmest of its type. Not only does the screen offer ten-point multi-touch for finger-intensive games and applications, but it adjusts from 90 degrees to lying flat on its back. A built-in Blu-ray slot drive, a second-generation Intel Core i7 CPU, and an Nvidia graphics card provide plenty of multimedia and gaming muscle, but we're more excited about laying this thing flat and playing old arcade games coffee-table-style.

Small Wonders

Seven itty-bitty gadgets that are kind of a big deal.

By Crispin Boyer



■ CoStar

Vizio • \$99

HDTV technology is advancing so quickly these days that any boob tube bought before 2010 is already on the verge of obsolescence. This instantly updates and transforms last decade's plasmas and LCDs into smart, internet-connected media centers. It's more than just a content streamer for your secret stash of sex tapes and movies; the Google TV-powered CoStar offers access to thousands of apps and the usual assortment of movie- and music-download services, plus a Flash-supporting browser. An HDMI pass-through overlays the menus and apps onto your screen, so friends will never suspect that your TV is a relic from the aughts.

■ Galaxy SIII

Samsung • Starting at \$200 with a two-year contract

The latest Galaxy smart-phone outdoes Apple's iPhone in a few key areas—particularly in usability. The Galaxy SIII really does put the “smart” in smartphone, with sensors that switch on the screen when you eyeball it, and a Siri-like voice-recognition system that does what it's told. From the gorgeous 4.8-inch HD screen to the 8-megapixel rear and 1.9-megapixel front cameras, it's cutting-edge, but its strength is its convenience. Sharing movies, music, and other files between devices is as easy as clinking them together like wineglasses; a host of social-media apps will keep frequent texters in the loop; and sexting without sending messages to the wrong people is easy even for beginners.





■ **Broadway TV transmitter**
Hauppauge • \$199

Turn your iPhone, iPad, Android device, or laptop into a portable TV and keep up with local programming while you travel. This set-top gizmo connects to your cable or satellite box, then converts the TV signal into a browser-friendly format and transmits it to your home router. Using your mobile device's browser, you can watch TV and channel surf anywhere you get internet access. A recent firmware upgrade added DVR capabilities and smoothed out some technical issues, but the Broadway can still be a bear to set up, depending on your internet speed and service provider. Still, you'll be happy you persevered the first time you watch the big game on the crapper.



■ **Big Ben oak watch**
Flud Watches • \$95

Strand a watchmaker on a deserted island for a few years and he'll likely cobble together the Big Ben oak watch. Inspired by Mama Nature, the oversize face, bezel, and dials are all fashioned from dark hardwood. The interchangeable bands come in a variety of materials, including wood, leather, or smooth silicone (if you want to give the rustic face a modern touch). Despite its whittled-from-wood design, this watch is sturdy enough for the great outdoors, and water-resistant to three atmospheres.



■ **Cloud Camera 5000**
D-Link • \$150

Keep an eye on your empire—or at least a good chunk of it—with this panning wireless camera that's barely bigger than a grapefruit. It connects to your wireless network and broadcasts 720p video (at 30 frames per second) to any PC browser or iPhone, iPad, or Android device running D-Link's app. Automatic day/night modes give you round-the-clock surveillance, and you can pan and tilt the camera remotely using your smartphone for a 340-degree field of view. A microSD slot records video activated by the built-in motion sensor or any noises picked up by the microphone. Plugging in an external speaker allows for two-way communication, so you can scream at intruders or startle friends who don't know they're being watched.

■ **The One keyboard**
ThinkGeek.com • \$100

It's a common tech conundrum: You're trying to look busy at the office, but your buddy keeps blowing up your phone with texts and emails. At the push of a button, this keyboard begins working instantly with your smartphone or tablet, letting you type on your mobile device without having to jab at its clunky virtual keyboard. Designed as a keyboard for everybody, it's compatible with both PCs and Macs, as well as iPhones, iPads, and Android devices. It connects to your desktop via a five-foot USB cable and links wirelessly to your external device through Bluetooth. A holder secures your phone beside the numeric keypad so you can keep tabs on your social life while you work.



Get Your Cook On

Chef Chris Santos knows that a surefire way to impress a woman is to cook for her. His tips help make it easy.

By Jennifer Peters



Beauty & Essex



Stanton Social

In the most raw, caveman way, cooking for a woman represents being able to take care of someone, nourishing them, feeding them," celebrity chef Chris Santos says. "Providing for other people is a basic human desire, and I think that's attractive." Santos would know. As executive chef and owner of two of New York City's hottest restaurants—Beauty & Essex and Stanton Social—he's an expert on what it takes to kick ass in the kitchen. His incredible culinary skills have not only helped him impress the ladies, they've landed him a gig as a judge on the Food Network's hit show *Chopped*, where Santos is known for his brutally honest critiques of contestants' dishes. The heavily inked epicurean—whose tattoos include one of bacon—is also a fixture in the city's nightlife scene, frequenting the hottest clubs and carousing with popular promoters, deejays, rockers, and burlesque performers.

Santos considers it "a fucking privilege" to have hit celeb status, but he makes sure to point out that it's all about the food. His unique spin on classic American fare has earned him the privilege of cooking for President Obama at the White House, and he's had a slew of celebrities visit his restaurants, from Beyoncé and Jay-Z to Kim Kardashian and John Mayer. But some of Santos's biggest fans are erotic models and porn stars, who stop in to dine when they're in New York. Penthouse Pets Sabrina Maree and Jelena Jensen fell in love with the food at Beauty & Essex, while 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen celebrated her most recent birthday with a lavish dinner at Stanton Social.

"One of Chris's sexiest traits is his ability to prepare scrumptious dishes," says 2011 Pet of the Year Nikki Benz, one of Santos's closest friends. "I'm always blown away by the hospitality and the food at his restaurants. Every single dish is delicious."

"The way he makes flavors pop is incredibly sexy," agrees 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli. "If we were both single, I'd be all over him. A man who can cook is incredibly attractive."

Let's see how you can impress your dates by following Santos's culinary tips.

■ Stick to What You Know

"The first thing is not to overthink things," Santos advises. "If you're a pretty good cook, stick to what you know. Don't all of a sudden try to make something that you've never tried before and end up stressing yourself out about it. If you're not a good cook, practice." Every grown man should have one decent meal in his repertoire that he can put on the table quickly and easily.

■ Use High-Quality Ingredients

"Don't go shopping at the local supermarket. Go to at least Whole Foods, or, better, go to a farmers' market," Santos suggests. "Then, when your date says, 'Oh, my God, I've never had corn so fresh, this is unbelievable,' you can say, 'Well, I drove 20 minutes to a farmers' market and they just picked it today.' Do you know how far that's going to get you as opposed to 'I picked up these 12-day-old cobs from the grocery store?'"

It's especially important to get quality meats. For fish, see your local fishmonger, and get your meat from a reputable butcher. And never, ever use frozen.

■ Keep It Simple

No matter what you're preparing, keep it simple and easy. "You might want to bring out the big-gun ingredients, but if you don't know how to prepare them, it's pointless," Santos says. If you're tempted to wow your woman with a lobster dinner, think again. "Lobster is a pain in the ass," Santos tells us. "Unless you have an adept hand, steer clear. Undercooked lobster is gross, and overcooked lobster is rubber. Don't risk it."

Santos's perfect first homemade meal is a good roast chicken, some polenta, and a side of vegetables. "It's something that even as a professional chef I'd make for a date," he assures us. "Chicken is very bland and can be a shrug-your-shoulders kind of thing, but when you do it right and make something that's juicy and packed with flavor, you can really impress somebody."

"I don't actually get beautiful women because of my good looks," Santos adds jokingly. "It's all just kind of cheating."



■ Keep It Cool

Always appear to be in control. "Appearance and composure are everything," Santos says. You don't want to freak out in front of your date, so go with the flow. If you burn the skin on the chicken, for instance, remove it and pretend you were planning to serve it that way all along.

■ Keep It Clean

Santos's tips for looking good while you work? First thing's first, keep your kitchen clean. That means no fried foods, as grease splatters easily. Second, wear an apron. Santos suggests you invest in a black bistro apron. It ties around the waist and hangs to your ankles, and it will make you look like you have a clue. "It gives the appearance that it's not your first time at the rodeo, that you've done this before," Santos assures us. "Your date will think, *Oh, my God, he must be good, he's got an apron!*"

■ Don't Forget Your Towel

An apron isn't the only way to ensure

you look like a pro. A must-have kitchen accessory, according to Santos, is a stack of neatly folded towels. Keep them on hand to deal with spills and to function as pot holders when you need to grab hot pots and pans

from the stove. "Oven mitts are for mothers," Santos says with a shudder. Avoid them at all costs, and use a folded towel like real chefs do.

■ Don't Skimp on Wine

Part of amazing your date with your culinary knowledge is choosing the perfect beverage to serve with dinner, and the chef suggests wine all the way. And don't try to go cheap. "Keep in mind that restaurants generally mark up wines three to four times, so if a bottle of wine is \$8 in a liquor store, it's probably \$30 in a restaurant," he says. "You don't want to give her that bottle of wine. You want to give her wine that would probably be \$150 in a restaurant, so retail, that's going to cost you between \$40 and \$50."

You don't have to be a wine expert to pick a good grape to go with dinner. Send your date a text the day of dinner asking for her favorite wine so you'll know what to aim for, or check the display at the store. If all else fails, ask the shopkeeper. When this attention to detail dazzles your companion, refrain from acting like a professional sommelier if you don't

know a thing. "If your date asks if you like wine, deflect," says Santos. "Say something like, 'I really love single-barrel whiskeys, but when I drink wine, I like this one.' God forbid she starts a conversation about wine and you end up looking like a jerk."

■ Don't Neglect Your Date

While you're cooking, don't do anything that takes your attention away from your companion for more than ten minutes at a time. You want to impress her with your perfectly prepared meal, but don't forget that you're on a date.

■ Seal the Deal With Dessert

Light and sweet will do the trick. Santos recommends picking up an ice-cream maker, finding a recipe online, and spinning up a frozen confection just for her. "It's easy, and when she's lounging on the couch after the meal, you can come up and feed her a spoonful of a delicious ice cream you made yourself," he says. "That always works."

You don't have to take the home-made route, of course. Hit a bakery for a light pastry or buy good ice cream. But you must follow one rule: No chocolate-covered strawberries. "It's so trite," Santos says. "If you serve chocolate-covered strawberries, I'll come over to your house and punch you in the face myself." 

Apple of My Eye



Once America's favorite beverage, fall-friendly cider is making a big comeback. Just don't call it "juice."

By Joshua M. Bernstein

America is a proud, beer-guzzling nation, but as recently as 150 years ago, the country's preferred alcoholic quaff was cider.

While neither grapes nor grain grew well in the rocky New England soil, apple seeds brought over by Colonial settlers easily took root, providing plenty of fermentable raw ingredients. Cider was easily and cheaply produced, offering a hygienic alternative to often unsafe water.

Cider's reign ended in the mid-nineteenth century, due to several factors: The temperance movement demonized excessive drinking, and German immigrants began making crisp, elegant lagers in the urban cities where they settled. (Cider production was confined to farms.) The final blow was Prohibition. When the sober blanket was lifted, "cider" became synonymous with "apple juice."


Yet in recent years, America's cider industry has undergone a revival, as farmers, former brewers, and fermentationists have begun creating flavorful ciders of uncommon complexity and, pleasantly, precious little sweetness. "There are so many similarities between cider and where craft beer was in the eighties," says Greg Hall, who was formerly the boundary-pushing brewmaster at Chicago's Goose Island.

Hall's new cider venture, Virtue Brands, embodies his experimental nature. His crisp, subtly oaky Red-

Streak cider is fermented with a trio of yeast strains and partly barrel-aged, while the tart Lapinette is fully aged in French oak, and the Mitten slumbers in 12-year-old bourbon barrels. "I want to apply the techniques I learned in brewing to cider production," says Hall.

In New Hampshire, Farnum Hill's husband-and-wife duo Stephen Wood and Louisa Spencer rely on rare heirloom apples and ugly, inedible cider apples that are prized for their sugars, acids, and tannins. These apples create Farnum Hill's dry, sharp, and aromatic ciders, which are sold in corked champagne bottles.

Down in Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, Foggy Ridge cider maker Diane Flynt relies on more than 30 English, American, and French apple varieties to fashion flavorful ciders, such as the lively First Fruit and the crisply refreshing Serious Cider. In Salem, Oregon, Wandering Aengus Ciderworks produces the full-bodied Wanderlust, which is aged in French-oak casks. Long-running cider brands like Original Sin and Woodchuck have started rolling out unusual single-variety and barrel-aged ciders.

But the surest sign of cider's arrival can be found in suds-mad Portland, Oregon. There, the city recently welcomed the country's first cider brewpub, Bushwhacker Cider, which makes a portion of its product from apples fallen from Portland trees. "You can't do that with hops or barley," enthuses Hall. 



■ WANDERING AENGUS CIDERWORKS' WANDERLUST

The Salem, Oregon, cidery's lineup includes a French-oak-aged dry cider, sweetly tropical Bloom, and the fall-friendly, full-bodied Wanderlust. It's a clean and tart easy-drinker with a smidgen of spice.



■ ORIGINAL SIN CIDER'S NEWTOWN PIPPIN

The Newtown Pippin has been a popular cider apple since it was first harvested in 1740. Original Sin exclusively uses pippin apples in this tart, gently fizzy release that lightly calls to mind lemons.



■ FOGGY RIDGE'S SWEET STAYMAN

The state's famous Virginia Stayman apples are blended with several different heirloom varieties to create the perfect crisp companion to fiery food.



■ FARNUM HILL'S SEMI-DRY CIDER

Among Farnum Hill's countless gems, our favorite everyday drinker is the sunrise-colored Semi-Dry, which marries subtle sweetness with aromas of citrus and tropical fruits.

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in the pink

In 2008, Ashlee Adams won a model-search contest on the Australian *Penthouse* website, which earned her a cover/centerfold shoot for the January 2009 issue. Not surprisingly, she was back in the magazine's pages in March 2011, that time as the Pet of the Month. Then, last December, the 38-26-36 feature dancer was crowned 2011 Pet of the Year—which gives us the perfect excuse to introduce the 27-year-old buxom beauty as an International Pet. You're welcome.

Photographs by Andrew K.

A blonde woman with long hair in pigtails, wearing a pink and white striped bikini top and white bottoms, stands in front of a chain-link fence. She has extensive tattoos on her arms and a small tattoo on her hip. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. A pink text box in the upper right corner contains a quote.

"I love going to the pub to watch football and have some beers, or going out for coffee and gossiping with girlfriends. And when I'm not too busy to get properly invested in a new game, I play a lot of Xbox."



A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is posing in front of a chain-link fence. She is wearing roller skates with pink wheels and has several tattoos, including a large one on her upper arm and two on her thighs that read "ZOMBIE" and "KILLER". She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

"The most exciting place I've made love is in a physiotherapist's office. I used to make appointments with this guy I was seeing, and we'd end up doing it on the table with his boss and coworkers in the next room. It was really hot!"



"I'm a pretty simple creature, really. A night on the couch with movies, pizza delivery, and sex sounds wonderful to me. I'm not the romantic type, and I'm not into flowers or any of the cliché bullshit."





"I'm what some people would consider promiscuous when I'm single, but I'm the most faithful and monogamous girlfriend. When I love someone, I only have eyes for him!"

SEE MORE OF ASHLEE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





THE



WAY

Lee Brice distinguishes himself from the pack as a performer with his animated and energetic shows. But with his sophomore outing, *Hard 2 Love*, he's writing his name in the stars.

By Alanna Nash

Willie Nelson gave Lee Brice his stamp of approval, booking him on the Red Headed Stranger's "Country Throwdown Tour" last year. Garth Brooks, Kenny Chesney, and Tim McGraw have recorded Brice's songs. And the Academy of Country Music has nominated Brice for awards four times, including earlier this year for cowriting the Eli Young Band's "Crazy Girl." And yet Brice is just now emerging as a bona fide star. It helped that the title track off his first album, *Love Like Crazy*, was *Billboard*'s No. 1 country song of 2010. (It still holds the record for the longest-charting song in the history of the magazine's Hot Country Songs chart.)

Growing up in Sumter, South Carolina, where he pecked out original melodies on his aunt's piano at the age of seven, Brice was always torn between a career in music and a more reliable vocation, such as engineering, his major at Clemson University. Music won out after the former All-Conference football player injured his arm during a college game. Remembering a spring break in Nashville, when producer Doug Johnson offered to help him should he move to town, Brice left school and soon snagged a writing deal with Curb Music Publishing, crafting nearly 200 songs the first year.

Now, however, at 33, he's focusing more on performing, and Nashville insiders peg him as one of the young stars to watch. Brice talked to *Penthouse* from Youngstown, Ohio, where he was visiting his fiancée and young son. Thoughtful, polite, and unassuming, he was the definition of Southern charm.

First of all, congrats on your latest ACM nomination. What does that mean to you?

Well, I'm really honored to be a part of it. To be in the company of these writers and artists who have been doing it their whole lives and had so much success is pretty indescribable. My dream was always to be a part of country music, and maybe make a stand and be remembered in some way. I feel like, in a lot of ways, I'm starting to have a lot of stuff happen, and it just feels great. A lot of work goes into it, but on the other hand, it's not work. It's your whole life. I've been writing since I was literally a child, and that's the deepest part of who I am. I'm at the point where I feel like I'm farther along as a writer than I am as an artist. "Crazy Girl" was a special song when I wrote it, and I really wanted to record it, but it didn't work out with the label. And when the Eli Young Band called, they were so passionate about the song. It ended up being the only song on their album they didn't write, and I was so proud to be a part of that, and it makes me have this joy inside my heart knowing that I was a part of what's going on for them right now.

You had a fire on your bus this year.

Yeah, this has happened to three friends of mine in the past couple of years. We think, in this case, it was a connection between batteries. It's one of those things that you never feel is going to happen. We had just pulled up to a venue at about 11 in the morning. I don't sleep really when the bus is rolling, so a lot of times I'll sleep for a few hours whenever we get to where we are going. So I was sleeping, and so was my keyboard player, and our bass player, Paul, ran in yelling, "Get off the bus! Get off the bus! It's on fire!" And we were like, "Whatever." And he jerked open the curtains and said, "I'm serious! Get off the bus!" About that time I could smell smoke, so we got up, and heck, we were in

our Skivvies. We jumped off the bus, and then I realized it was just smokin' out the back, but you could tell that if it was not already burning inside the bus, it was about to. So I ran back on and grabbed a handful of stuff, and on the way out I was trying to breathe in, and realized that, by then, it was really something terrible. Within three or four minutes, the bus was completely in flames, with smoke pouring out of all of the windows, just this toxic fiberglass, chemicals, plastic, and metal all mixed together. It's not your average campfire smoke, you know? We were so lucky that nobody was hurt. When it did ignite, it was an explosion. It was like somebody poured gasoline on a fire. It was so hot it burned off the back of the bus. The trailer was probably six or seven feet away, and it burned through the front of the trailer and into our equipment. We lost some speakers and stuff, but we got all our guitars.

You don't wear a cowboy hat, but explain, please, the significance of your headgear, a backward ball cap.

[Laughs] Well, I'm from South Carolina. We don't wear cowboy hats. We wear ball caps. That's what we were raised on. But when I started singing, my mom was always going, "Would you turn your hat around so I can see your eyes? Please turn your hat around, please." So, just for Mom, I turned it around.

Your new album shows a lot of growth since the first one.

Well, I'm on Curb Records. They have a thing, and when they sign you, you're there, believe me, for life. Some people view that as a bad thing. I view it as a good thing. I know I have a place that I can grow into. But when I first got there, they really dragged their feet, so I made that first album over six years of my life. It didn't feel like a cohesive album, but like a lot of different songs, which it was. The new album is all very pertinent to who I am right now and where I'm at in my life. I have some very personal stuff on there, and hopefully folks will see that.

I read that it was inspired by the ladies in your life.

If Mama ain't happy, ain't nobody happy. But really, it was inspired by just one lady, my fiancée, Sara Reeveley. I've got three or four songs just directly to her. Of course, I've gotta have some flirty songs on the record. I mean, a man's gotta be a little flirty.



I can tell. You write a good love song.

Thank you. That's the kind of stuff I loved growing up. I was a huge Vince Gill fan. But I also loved Brian McKnight and Boyz II Men. Some of my favorite stuff, even with rock bands, was their ballad-esque love stuff. Like "November Rain," [from] Guns N' Roses. If you don't like Slash's solo on "November Rain," I probably don't like you [laughs]. When I was a young teenager, we were listening not just to Hank Jr., who was huge in my life, and Alabama and the Oak Ridge Boys, but also to Tupac [Shakur] and Pearl Jam. And I really dug into Aerosmith. I don't know why I had a passion for that stuff. But the ballads were really where my heart was.

What do you think we learn about you from this album that we didn't from the first one?

Well, I know one thing that's very apparent. I've been a rowdy fella, and I've been livin' it up, and I think everybody knows that. But now I've met a girl I'm in love with, and I've got a little boy, Takoda, who I can't stand being away from. The most personal thing on the record is the last song. It's called "One More Day," and it's the most honest thing I have ever written, and maybe the most real. And that's straight to Sara and Takoda. I've gotten to a point in my life where my family just means everything to me.

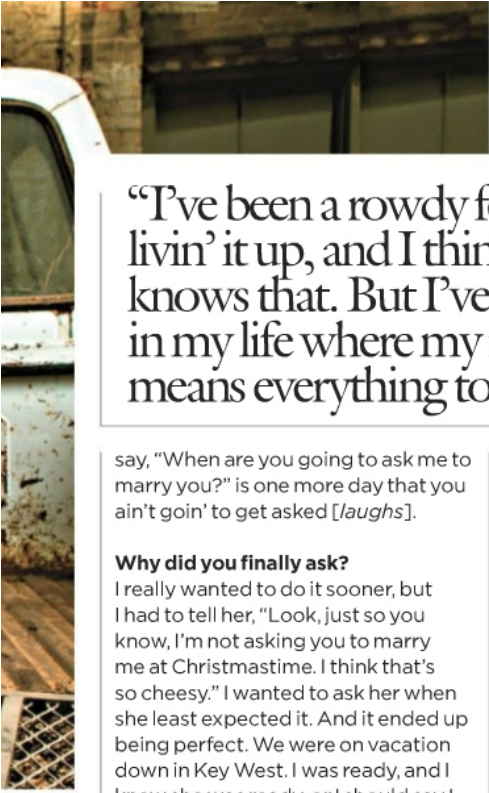
How long have you been engaged?

Since January 2nd of this year. But we met at Myrtle Beach when she was 18 and I was 21. She was from Ohio, and

she was on vacation. She was walking down the beach on a rainy night, and I was out looking for girls to hang out with, and there she was. We just sat there and talked. I had my guitar and I sang to her all night, and then she left and that was it. But we ended up keeping in touch for years, and it was kind of strange, but we became really close friends, even though we lived a long way away from each other and only had that one night. Then I went on one of my first radio tours in 2007, and it happened to be in Ohio. She came and met me, and we started dating. We've had some ups and downs, but we've got a little boy, and the past couple of years have opened my eyes to how amazing she is. She's been looking forward to being engaged and wearin' a ring her whole life, so I couldn't take a chance of some other guy snatchin' her up.

"Don't Believe Everything You Think" is a song she inspired.

Yeah, Jon Stone and I sat down with Jim Collins one day. Jim is a brilliant songwriter. He goes, "Man, I've got this hook, 'Don't believe everything you think.'" And it just went straight to where I was with Sara, because she would have these periods where she'd say we weren't on the same page about gettin' married, and she'd say, "I'm more ready than you are." I'd go, "Look, hush, stop asking me. I'll ask you, but quit messin' with me!" So I tell girls, hey, if you've got a guy you want to marry, or if you see that coming in your future, just realize one thing—every day that you go up to him and



“I’ve been a rowdy fella, and I’ve been livin’ it up, and I think everybody knows that. But I’ve gotten to a point in my life where my family just means everything to me.”

say, “When are you going to ask me to marry you?” is one more day that you ain’t goin’ to get asked [*laughs*].

Why did you finally ask?

I really wanted to do it sooner, but I had to tell her, “Look, just so you know, I’m not asking you to marry me at Christmastime. I think that’s so cheesy.” I wanted to ask her when she least expected it. And it ended up being perfect. We were on vacation down in Key West. I was ready, and I knew she was ready, or I should say I really hoped that she was as ready as I thought she was.

What’s your son like?

He’s just like me.

Six three, 240 pounds?

Well, he’s six three, 240 in his mind. I’ll look at his hands and his feet and it’s almost scary, because they are literally just a mini version of mine. His whole body, the way he’s built, and his face ... he’s this little burly boy who walks around with big shoulders and a big chest and makes all the same animated faces people tell me I make when I sing. It’s strange to look at! Every now and again I catch a glimpse of Sara in him, but for the most part, he’s a Mini-Lee.

Tell me about writing “Seven Days a Thousand Times,” which Kenny Chesney covered on his *Hemingway’s Whiskey* album.

That is probably among the top two or three songs I’ve ever written. I wrote it with Jon Stone and Billy Montana. It was one of those magical days where everything just fell into place. I loved it so much, but then Chesney called and wanted to cut it. And then he told us that it was his favorite thing on the album, and continued to tell us that.

But it’s about you and Sara, right?

Yes. We heard that Chesney was so deep into his record that he was not going to release it [as a single]. So I was like, “Well, I’m not lettin’ this song go by,” and went and recorded it. It’s probably the best track on the album.

“A Woman Like You” got a lot of attention right out of the box.

It moved faster and out-sold every song I’ve been a part of. My friend Jon Stone hangs at the house here all the time. He’s one of my best friends. So he came over, and he said, “Hey, man, I wrote a song today. I love it.” So we went out to the car and listened to his little work tape, and I thought, *I just heard a smash*. It just connected with me, and I knew it would connect with everybody. So I ran in the house and hit the “record” button in my little studio, and did a little acoustic version of it. The next day, we went in with a full band and demoed it. I didn’t know the song that well, since I’d just heard it the night before, so I was fumbling through it vocally, kind of like reading the lyrics, but also kind of like a guy would do if a woman asked him what he’d be doing if he never met her. I mean, he’s gonna fumble around and answer off the cuff, right? So the funny part is, we took about two takes through, and that was it. And that demo and that vocal ended up being what we took to the label, and it ended up being the record. We ended up replacing a couple of guitars on it, and upgrading it so it would be good enough for a master, but I never touched the vocals, and the whole track was essentially there. Songs just don’t happen like that. They don’t get written and recorded and become a single within a few months. That’s a one-in-a-million. But the guy in the song says something that every woman wants to hear.

“I Drive Your Truck” is another song you didn’t write, but that seems to really resonate with you.


Oh, God, man. I write a lot of my music, but there are so many brilliant songwriters in Nashville, why in the hell wouldn’t you listen to their songs to record, no matter how good you are? So I did just that. I was in one meeting, and there were, like, seven different publishers there, all playing me a song apiece, for maybe two or three rounds. I was looking for some up-tempo songs, because I wrote

all of this mid-tempo, serious stuff. And one of the publishers finally said, “Man, I know you’re lookin’ for some rockin’ stuff, but I’ve got one song that we feel is like the song of the year.” Of course, I said, “Play it for me.” So I sat there and listened to the song in front of all these publishers, and my manager, and people from the label, and just lost it in front of all of them. I was thinking about everybody I’d ever lost, my granddaddy, you know, and I just couldn’t hold it in. I thought, *Wow! I’m so honored they would even pitch this to me*. Connie Herrington is one of the writers on it, and she said that [she was inspired by] an interview on talk radio. A woman and her husband were talking about their son. When he was a kid, he was like, “I want to be a soldier.” And when he turned 18, he went straight into the military. It was what he loved. But in a very, very short time, like within a month, he was killed. And so the interviewer asked the parents, “How in the world do you deal with that?” And the mother said, “Truthfully, his daddy and me go get in his truck and drive it around. We feel like he’s there, and it pulls us through.” That just breaks my heart. I think it’s going to be a special song.

You cowrote Garth Brooks’s comeback hit, “More Than a Memory.” A lot of people think he’s a megalomaniac. How did you like him?

You know, people say, “Don’t meet your heroes, because you’ll probably get let down.” And maybe it’s true most of the time. But Garth Brooks was the biggest influence I had in every way, whether you’re talking artist or writer. He’s a huge part of everything that I do. When I met him, well, it’s indescribable how he makes you feel. He makes you feel so important. And he’s just so friendly and he cares so much. It meant the world to me to have him treat me like that. And to have my biggest hero record a song that I wrote is just the pinnacle of what I could ever want.

What is your goal when you sit down to write a song?

Honestly, I want to be able to say that I’ve given everything to every song. I have to feel like it’s the best that the song can be. It could take that day, or it could take ten years, for all I care. I just want my songs to help people, or change them, or make their day. That’s what the songs I loved growing up did for me. I just hope mine do the same for somebody else. 



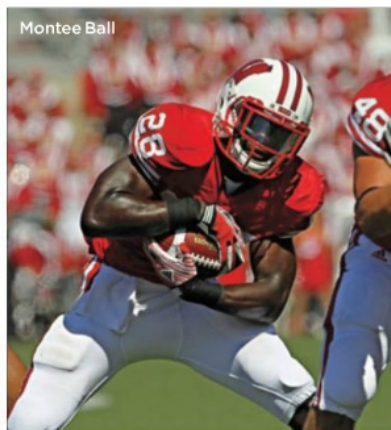
Landry Jones



Robert Woods



Barrett Jones



Montee Ball



Barkevious Mingo

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 25: CRYSTAL-BALL EDITION

Forget preseason polls: We've handicapped all of the contenders' schedules and predicted who will end up where—come December.

By Peter Schrager

Let's be honest, college football *preseason* polls are an ivory-tower exercise for the timid. Rating teams based on the projected strength of their offensive lines, running games, or defense is little more than a milquetoast parlor game. But digesting all that data, then analyzing the schedule, looking at who'll play their toughest opponents at home and predicting who'll make it through the season unscathed, well, that's flying without a net. And that's how we're going about this—we're calling the season-ending Top 25 teams.

Because it doesn't matter where a team is ranked in August—what matters is where they end up in *December*, when those BCS rankings come out.

1 OKLAHOMA: The Sooners play Notre Dame, Baylor, and Oklahoma State—arguably their three toughest opponents—at home. Landry Jones, a preseason Heisman favorite, returns at quarterback, and four-fifths of the offensive line is back to protect him.

★ **Star Tracker:** Landry Jones, QB; Kenny Stills, WR

2 GEORGIA: That's right, Georgia. The Dawgs lucked out with their schedule this year: They don't play Alabama, Arkansas, or LSU in the regular season. The SEC Championship Game will be in their backyard at the Georgia Dome. They're gunning to be in it.

★ **Star Tracker:** Jarvis Jones, LB; John Jenkins, DT

3 LOUISIANA STATE: The SEC West defending champs have one of the toughest Ds in the country, but offense is still enough of an issue to keep them from the very top.

★ **Star Tracker:** Sam Montgomery, DE; Barkevious Mingo, DE

4 USC: The Trojans are everybody's preseason pick, but their defense could have its hands full with Stanford in Palo Alto early on.

★ **Star Tracker:** Matt Barkley, QB; Robert Woods, WR

5 WISCONSIN: The Badgers avoid Michigan altogether and get Ohio State and Michigan State at home in 2012. They'll miss former star QB Russell Wilson, though.

★ **Star Tracker:** Montee Ball, RB; Chris Borland, LB

6 ALABAMA: The defending champs will take a huge step backward offensively; they lost a slew of starters to the NFL.

★ **Star Tracker:** Barrett Jones, C; D. J. Fluker, OT

7 FLORIDA STATE: Seemingly every year is heralded as the big FSU revival season. This one, at least in their conference, should be the real deal.



Denard Robinson

11 OREGON

★ **Star Tracker:** Kenjon Barner, RB; De'Anthony Thomas, RB/WR

12 SOUTH CAROLINA

★ **Star Tracker:** Marcus Lattimore, RB; Devin Taylor, DE

13 TCU

★ **Star Tracker:** Casey Pachall, QB; Matthew Tucker, RB

14 CLEMSON

★ **Star Tracker:** Sammy Watkins, WR; Andre Ellington, RB

15 OHIO STATE

★ **Star Tracker:** Braxton Miller, QB; John Simon, DE

16 BOISE STATE

★ **Star Tracker:** Matt Miller, WR; J. C. Percy, LB

17 TEXAS

★ **Star Tracker:** Alex Okafor, DE; Jackson Jeffcoat, DE

18 RUTGERS

★ **Star Tracker:**

D. C. Jefferson, TE; Logan Ryan, CB

19 VIRGINIA TECH

★ **Star Tracker:** Logan Thomas, QB; Kyle Fuller, CB

20 BAYLOR

★ **Star Tracker:** Terrance Williams, WR; Kaeron Johnson, DT

21 STANFORD

★ **Star Tracker:** Stepfan Taylor, RB; Terrence Stephens, DT

22 ARKANSAS

★ **Star Tracker:** Knile Davis, RB; Tyler Wilson, QB

23 KANSAS STATE

★ **Star Tracker:** Arthur Brown, LB; John Hubert, RB

24 MICHIGAN STATE

★ **Star Tracker:** Le'Veon Bell, RB; William Gholston, DE

25 CENTRAL FLORIDA

★ **Star Tracker:** Quincy McDuffie, WR; Victor Gray, DE



Stedman Bailey

★ **Star Tracker:** Greg Reid, KR; Devonta Freeman, RB

8 MICHIGAN: Denard Robinson is an early Heisman favorite, and the D is only getting better. But a loss to Alabama in the season opener could be deflating.

★ **Star Tracker:** Denard Robinson, QB; Kenny Demens, LB

9 WEST VIRGINIA: The Mountaineers took a while to get going in 2011, but once they did, they were a team to be reckoned with. They scored 70 points in the Orange Bowl, and they could be a threat in their first year in the Big 12.

★ **Star Tracker:** Geno Smith, QB; Stedman Bailey, WR

10 LOUISVILLE: A creaky and wounded Big East should open the doors for Charlie Strong's Cardinals. They could go undefeated.

★ **Star Tracker:** Teddy Bridgewater, QB; Brandon Dunn, DT



Kenjon Barner



Tyler Wilson



Logan Ryan

HEISMAN OUTLIERS

Will anyone follow in the footsteps of Cam Newton (2010) and Robert Griffin III (2011) as this year's surprise contender for the top individual prize in the game? Here are five candidates:

LOGAN THOMAS, QB, VIRGINIA TECH: A dual threat like both Newton and Griffin III, the six-foot-six, 262-pound Thomas finished last season with a school-record 3,482 yards of total offense.

GENO SMITH, QB, WEST VIRGINIA: The six-foot-three senior QB has been knocking on the door for the past two seasons, opening it a crack last year with 31 TD passes. He could bang it right off its hinges in his first season in the Big 12.

KEITH PRICE, QB, WASHINGTON: In his first full season as a starter, sophomore Price set a Husky record with a 66.9

completion percentage. If Washington can knock off LSU on September 8, the Price Heisman hype will commence.

JARVIS JONES, LB, GEORGIA: If Georgia makes a run at the SEC title, you better believe you'll be hearing his name. Widely considered the top defensive talent in the nation, Jones could approach the 20-sack mark in 2012.

SETH DOEGE, QB, TEXAS TECH: Here's your I'll Have Another, from-back-in-the-pack pick: Doege threw for 4,004 yards and 28 touchdowns as a junior, and could put up bigger numbers in a wide-open Big 12 in 2012.

Logan Thomas



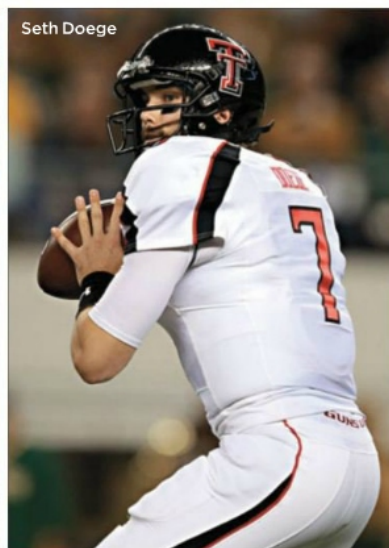
Geno Smith



Keith Price



Jarvis Jones



Seth Doege

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THOMAS) MICHAEL PIMENTEL/CORBIS, (SMITH) STREETLECKA/GETTY IMAGES, (PRICE AND JONES) JOE ROBBINS/GETTY IMAGES, (DOEGE) RONALD MARTINEZ/CORBIS, (JONES) NICE ONE PRODUCTIONS/CORBIS



PREMIER PREGAME

Put these tailgate hot spots on your college football bucket list.

LOUISIANA STATE: Every college football fan needs to experience one "Saturday Night in Death Valley." Yes, you'll hear Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger" way more than you want to, but the surplus of delicious crawfish and beautiful women will more than compensate. You'll wish you, too, were born on the bayou.

OLE MISS: As the saying goes in Oxford, "We may not win every game, but we ain't never lost a party." Cars are banned from the Grove, the

shaded ten-acre park that turns into tailgating nirvana on game days. The scene is a soothing blend of Southern hospitality and Southern hotties. You'll meet your dream girl within the first hour. And then you'll meet ten more.

AUBURN: What can we say? The SEC knows tailgates. Arguably the rowdiest of the conference's pregame parties, Auburn fans pile into RVs, set up tents on campus, and shout "War Eagle!" everywhere

they go. They also know how to eat: chicken, beef tenderloin, hot dogs, hamburgers, and, for the adventurous, deep-fried venison and alligator. Yeehaw!

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON: There may be no more awe-inspiring sight in college football than that of 100,000 UW fans, clad in purple and gold, eating fresh salmon, hoisting beers, and taking in the spectacular wide-angle view of Lake Washington. **ARMY:** A bit of a surprise here, for sure, but autumn Saturdays along the Hudson are pretty special. While other schools deliver the rowdiness, there's mystique, tradition, and an overall elegance to an Army tailgate. Try it some time. You'll be glad you did.

JUMPING SHIP

Five things you need to know about this year's conference realignments

- **West Virginia**, long a member of the Big East, has moved to the **Big 12**. The good? A flawless record could catapult them right into the BCS National Championship Game. The bad? No more conference cupcakes.
- **TCU**, formerly of the Mountain West Conference, also makes the leap to the **Big 12**. Long associated with a "Yeah, but" regarding their achievements due to their previous level of competition, TCU can now silence the haters. Unless, of course, they can't.

- **Missouri**, a few years removed from a BCS bowl berth, leaves the Big 12 for the **SEC**. Gary Pinkel's team could be in for a rude awakening in 2012.
- **Texas A&M** moves to the **SEC**, where they'll escape the long(horn) shadow of Texas and get more national exposure.
- **Fresno State**, WAC mainstays for years, are switching to the **Mountain West**, where they'll join longtime rivals Boise State for the Broncos' last season in the West before they join... wait for it... the Big East. 



Kitty Cadillac



Miss One Dolla No Holla, the 2008 winner, announces the new Miss Hooker.



Kitty Cadillac



Pillow-fight performance



Miss Demeanor

HOLLYWOOD HOOKERS

By Anka Radakovich • Photographs by Carlos Gonzalez and Sam Graham

The fifth annual "Miss Hooker" pageant was held on March 30 at the Dragonfly Club in Hollywood, with nine contestants, including the lovely "Miss America Fuck Yeah," vying for the coveted crown.

The bohemian beauty pageant celebrated the show of artist Natalia Fabia at the Corey Helford Gallery, a contemporary art gallery in Culver City, California. The gorgeous artist, whose work is inspired by "hot chicks

and punk rock," says the "hookers" are actually her sexy, punky girlfriends whom she uses as models in her paintings. "I use the term 'hooker' like guys use the term 'dude,'" explains Fabia, dressed in a sexy white-sequined dress that shows the large chandelier tattoo on her back.

The gallery is the brainchild of art collectors Jan Helford and her husband, Bruce, who is a Hollywood television-show creator and writer

for *The Drew Carey Show*, *George Lopez*, *The Oblongs*, and *Anger Management*.

Hosted by *The Sarah Silverman Program* comic Brian Posehn, the pageant's celebrity judges included rock star and *Penthouse* columnist Dave Navarro, former porn star Traci Lords, and former dude Alexis Arquette. In true old-school burlesque style, Posehn kept the material "dirty" and told the crowd what a "big fat



fuck" he was for eating donuts at three in the morning, and described the contestants as "way hotter and cuter than regular strippers."

The performance began with a group number, followed by an evening-gown competition and a talent segment. The evening-gown competition mocked the traditional sort, with contestants wearing outfits like a black corset with fishnets and high heels, or a bra and panties with boots. The talent competition featured a sultry "Miss Guido" who played the trombone, a cute "Miss Nailed It" who pounded a nail through her tongue, and "Miss Anthropy" who began shy and uptight, with glasses and a librarian getup, then went all ape-shit horny, thrusting and humping her hand as the crowd went wild. Other aspiring contestants showcased their "hidden talents" as the crowd cheered and carried on, including a sexy Hula-hoop dance that showed off one girl's hip-thrusting skills. A ventriloquist act was right out of a freak show, with a creepy

mannequin that talked dirty, while another contestant demonstrated her oral skills with a daring fire-breathing act.

The judges, sitting in a darkened booth, occasionally made comments via microphone. A third of the way into it, before they'd even gotten to the talent competition, Navarro announced that he was voting for "Miss Kitty Cadillac," taking all of the pressure off himself. (Navarro, by the way, was on a date with hottie alt-porn star Joanna Angel.) When Posehn asked if Navarro had ever judged a hooker pageant before, he answered, "It's a nightly event. This is my first external hooker event." Arquette added, "I never judge a hooker."

Navarro summed up the contest by telling us, "There was no doubt in my mind that Miss Kitty Cadillac was the overall most entertaining contestant and the clear winner. Imagine how gutted I was after the event, when I found out that she wasn't, in fact, really a hooker! I had to hire one later who looked like her just to be able to

sleep soundly."

In the end, Miss Kitty Cadillac was crowned "Miss Hooker 2012," due in part to her "talent," which consisted of a rousing burlesque striptease culminating in lighting her tasseled nipple pasties on fire. Lords said she voted for her because "anyone who strips to the Cult and lights her tits on fire is someone I have to respect." "Wow," added Posehn, "Watching that set my wiener on fire." 

HEAT UP *in* HOTLANTA



The Southern belle offers bachelors barbecue, plenty of booze, and beer cans crushed between a set of cans, too.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

D

Depending on your mind-set, or the season, Atlanta's Hotlanta nickname has two very different definitions. Come summer, it symbolizes the essence of muggy, sweltering, mercury-boiling temperatures.

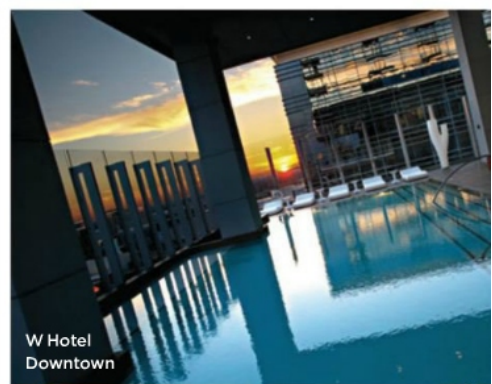
Summertime in Atlanta is not for the faint of heart—or citizens lacking air-conditioning. But come September, Atlanta's temperatures start dropping like tops at a strip club, of which the city has no shortage. That's when you'll understand the alternate definition of Hotlanta: It's the South's pulse-quickenning, libido-spiking center of after-dark hedonism.

In other words, Atlanta is the perfect metropolis for a memorable bachelor party. From the Atlanta Braves to the Falcons and the Speedway, the sports scene offers something for just about everyone. The collection of

highly skilled pit masters means you'll feast on some of the country's finest belly-stuffing barbecue. Killer craft beer and potent cocktails have swept the bar scene, but you can still slum it at dive bars with cans of cheap beer and a basketful of freshly fried pork rinds. And the ladies? Well, the Georgia peaches look good enough to eat. Gentlemen, it's time to put Hotlanta to the bachelor-party test.

Where to Bed Down

Before beginning your weekend of sin, you need to acquire a central command center for your debauchorous operation. For starters, gander at the **Glenn Hotel** (110 Marietta Street NW; GlennHotel.com), which was originally built in 1923 as office space. Marriott renovated the historic structure into a sumptuous boutique hotel boasting modern, stylish accommodations and the party-hearty SkyLounge atop the building. If I were you, I'd book the 850-square-foot penthouse suite, which provides panoramic views, an airy living room and a dining table big enough for eight—that's seated, not standing on top.



W Hotel Downtown





Sports wise, Atlanta has it covered with the Braves, Falcons, and Hawks.

Elsewhere, look to the perpetually hip **W Hotel**. The convenient Midtown location (188 14th Street NE; WAtlantaMidtown.com) comes equipped with all manner of creature comforts, including the WET pool, where you can reserve a sound system-equipped cabana for a private rendezvous. The choicest room is the Extreme WOW Suite, which encompasses 1,200 square feet of pleasure and pampering. The luxurious suite features floor-to-ceiling windows, a wet bar, slippery 350-thread-count sheets, and a bathtub big enough for two. And should you crave food or a bolt of brown booze, the hotel is equipped with Jean-Georges' Spice Market and Rande Gerber's Whiskey Park.

If cocktails and nightlife are just as important as the bedding, then check in to **W Hotel Downtown** (45 Ivan Allen Jr. Boulevard; WAtlantaDowntown.com). Sure, every room features goose-down duvets, plasma televisions, and Whatever/Whenever concierge service that'll help you score everything from tickets to the game to dinner reservations, but you'll likely spend most of your time at Drinkshop. It's one of the trendiest cocktail bars in town, attracting no shortage of lovely ladies sipping immaculately crafted drinks. Order a highball or, better yet, a bottle of booze encased in a block of ice. It's time to celebrate.

Another hotel-party hot spot is the **Highland Inn** (644 North Highland Avenue; TheHighlandInn.com), where the comfortable, no-nonsense rooms start at less than \$100—a boon for the bachelor party on a budget (and free breakfast in the morning is not too shabby, either). But the Highland's real lure is the 1920s-era ballroom, where the weekends welcome bands and dance floor-filling deejays. Remember, if you score, it's only a quick stumble upstairs.

Sporting Life

Atlanta might just be the Southern

capital of sports obsession. The city is blessed with an embarrassment of sporting riches covering just about every major league. (Sorry, hockey fans, but the Atlanta Thrashers were sold last year and relocated to more ice-appropriate Winnipeg, Manitoba.)

Head to Turner Field to catch the Atlanta Braves, who remain one of Major League Baseball's most competitive and compelling teams to watch. Slugging second baseman Dan Uggla and cannon-armed outfielder Jason Heyward provide plenty of pop, and the Braves' pitching staff, as it has been since the days of Greg Maddux and Tom Glavine, is still the strength of the team. Starting pitchers Jair Jurrjens, Brandon Beachy, and Tommy Hanson are always worth the price of admission.

If the NFL is more your bag, the Atlanta Falcons are just what the sports doctor ordered. Quarterback Matt Ryan will once again connect with fleet-footed receivers Roddy White and Harry Douglas, as well as big-play target Julio Jones. Running back Michael "the Burner" Turner should have enough left in the tank for another season, and Jason Snelling and quicksilver change-of-pace back Jacquizz Rodgers will capably back him up. Plus, defensive ends John Abraham and Ray Edwards will continue to be sack-crazy terrors for

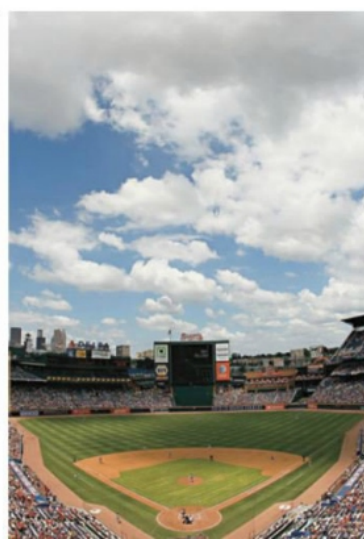
opposing quarterbacks.

On the college level, the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets always field a competitive football team. Building upon their 8-5 record in 2011, the Yellow Jackets look to return to a bowl game. Dual-threat quarterback Tevin Washington will continue to lead the offensive charge, and running backs David Sims and Orwin Smith will pound the rock. Though the Yellow Jackets' basketball team suffered through a subpar 2011-2012, top recruits such as power forward Robert Carter and small forward Marcus Hunt should help bring the team back to the NCAA tournament. Plus, the baseball squad, which went 36-24 in 2012, is poised to continue its winning ways next spring.

When basketball season bounces back around, beeline to Philips Arena and catch one of the NBA's most energetic and exciting teams with the Hawks' core lineup of shot-blocking master Al Horford, the athletic and always dangerous Josh Smith, and scoring demon Joe Johnson. And for fans of car racing, Atlanta has fast and furious events, highlighted by Labor Day weekend's AdvoCare 500, a NASCAR Sprint Cup Series race at the Atlanta Motor Speedway. Beneath the night lights on Sunday, September 2, such racers as Tony Stewart, Dale Earnhardt Jr., Matt Kenseth, and Greg Biffle will battle for the first-place trophy. If you miss the race, don't worry: The Speedway hosts the street-style Friday Night Drags racing series, and the Georgia Dome hosts annual events such as the Monster Energy AMA Supercross and Monster Jam monster-truck show.

Meat Your Match

Atlanta is not a city you visit when you're watching your waistline. Wait—what am I talking about? The point of every bachelor party is excess, like making a dinner out of maple donuts topped with bacon. Well, maybe that was just *my* bachelor party, but





There's enough good food for any bachelor bash, including at (above) the Atlanta Bar-B-Q Festival and Delia's Chicken Sausage Stand.

Atlanta is a town filled with countless calories-be-damned delights. For starters, head to Atlanta's landmark 1928 eatery the **Varsity Downtown** (61 North Avenue; TheVarsity.com). The world's largest drive-in restaurant offers 600-car parking, but for the full experience, venture inside to hear the paper-hatted cashiers bark, "What'll ya have?" Using Varsity's lingo, order strings (French fries), a heavyweight all the way (hot dog with extra chili and onions), and an F.O. (frosted orange beverage). It might just be the last, and best, nonalcoholic beverage you'll have all weekend—except for the Cake Shake. This specialty dessert at **Delia's Chicken Sausage Stand** (489 Moreland Avenue; TheSausageStand.com) consists of ice cream tossed into a blender alongside an entire frosted cupcake (choose between red velvet or chocolate). The result is cool, thick, and sweet, and can't be beat. If you lack a sweet tooth, instead look to the Slingers, which are massive links of chicken sausage served in a fluffy bun and topped with everything from guacamole to gooey cheese sauce, sauerkraut to marinara.

For 'cue, Atlanta has more than a

few standout smoked-meat purveyors. First, make your way to **Harold's Barbecue** (171 McDonough Boulevard; 404-627-9268), which you'll find by its towering sign featuring a glasses-wearing pig roasting over a fire. Inside the squat brick structure—not far from the federal prison, mind you—are wood-paneled walls, tables topped with red-and-white checkered tablecloths, and waitresses who will likely address you by "honey" or "darlin'." The star at Harold's is the sliced hickory-smoked swine, which is softer than silk. Equally commendable is a rack of meaty, messy pork ribs that'll leave you gnawing every last morsel, as well as the crumbly corn bread and Brunswick stew swimming with bits of pork, tomato, and corn.

Massive meatheads might like to time their trip to the **Atlanta Bar-B-Q Festival** (AtIBbqFest.com), which takes place this year September 14 and 15. More than 15,000 attendees flock to the festival to devour a wide cross section of regional 'cue (Texas, Carolina, St. Louis, Kentucky, Memphis), and sample meats from the professional and amateur teams vying for cash prizes and gut-busting glory.

If fried chicken is more your thing, wing it to the **Busy Bee Café** (810 Martin Luther King Jr. Drive SW; TheBusyBeeCafe.com). An Atlanta legend since 1947, the Bee specializes in rib-sticking soul food such as collard greens, ham hocks, gooey mac and cheese, and, above all, golden fried chicken that's as crunchy as kettle-cooked potato chips and as juicy as a slice of summertime watermelon. But be warned: The restaurant is shuttered on Saturdays.

And for the inevitably rough morning after, soothe your stomach at the down-home **Silver Skillet Restaurant** (200 14th Street;



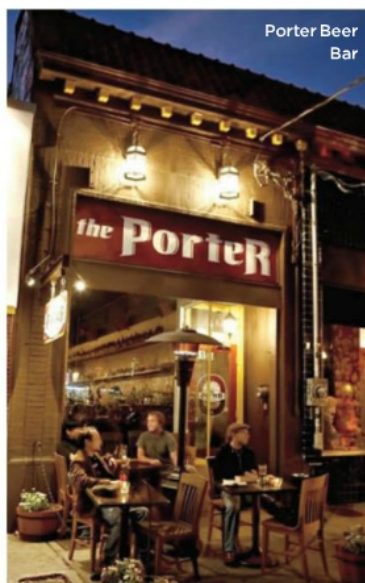
Wrecking Bar & Brewpub

TheSilverSkillet.com). Since 1956, the diner's been decked out with Formica tables and upholstered booths the color of pea soup and pumpkin flesh. The house specialty is good-and-greasy Southern fare, including buttery grits, skillet-cooked country ham, red-eye gravy, fluffy biscuits, and battered-and-fried pork chops. Your hangover won't stand a chance.

Beer Here

Atlanta may be best known as the birthplace of Coca-Cola, but lately the city has started earning a sterling reputation for great cocktails and craft beer. Begin your bar crawl in neighboring Decatur, where the **Brick Store Pub** (125 East Court Square; BrickStorePub.com) has anchored the area's good-beer scene since 1997. Brick Store does not have a single TV, ear-splitting music, or lurid neon, as the bar prefers to put the focus squarely on drinking. Downstairs, you'll find a carefully edited list of English, German, and both local and national American craft beers from the likes of Duck-Rabbit, Bell's, Terrapin, and Highland. Upstairs, there's an array of potent, mind-blowing Belgian beers, including plenty of rarities if you care to splurge.

Next, keep the beer flowing in Decatur at **Twain's Billiards and Tap** (211 East Trinity Place; Twains.net). At the patio-equipped pool hall, you can shoot eight ball and knock back pints of house-brewed beers such as the tropical-tinged Black Eye Roasted Rye, citrusy Langhorne IPA, and, of course, the fittingly named Hell for Society Stout. Raise a few of those before heading back to Atlanta's hip Little Five Points neighborhood for a brew—or more than a few—at the **Porter Beer Bar** (1156 Euclid Avenue; ThePorterBeerBar.com). The long,



Porter Beer Bar

narrow gastropub offers rustic wooden booths and nearly 30 drafts, a lengthy list of whiskeys and bourbons (a bolt of ten-year-old, 107-proof Old Rip Van Winkle will set you straight), and cocktails available by the pint or quart. After a couple of quarts of Mint Julep or Gran Pap's Sweet Tea (hey, this is the South after all), you'll be snatching up Porter's hush puppies made with applewood-smoked bacon by the fistful.

If you're still craving a decent pint, not too far away is quite possibly Atlanta's quirkiest brewpub. Over the last century, this historic Victorian-style home has held a church, a dance school, an architectural-antiques shop, and now, in the basement, the **Wrecking Bar Brewpub** (292 Moreland Avenue NE; WreckingBarBrewpub.com). You can pound pints of the nicely bittered Victor IPA (named after the house's original owner, Victor Kriegshaber), the potent Spring Break TRIPel, or the pugilistic Punch Yo Momma Smoked Porter. Of course, there comes a point in every bachelor party—and heck, every Saturday night—when drinking good beer and booze is a lost cause. When that time hits, head to the **Euclid Avenue Yacht Club** (1136 Euclid Avenue NE; TheEAYC.com), identifiable by the neon sign advertising “bar, beer, food.” The nautically themed dive serves cheap beer, strong drinks, and fried-to-order pork rinds to a mix of bikers, punks, and plenty of pretty college girls. Sure, you can practice your pick-up lines, but the night's not over yet. Wild adventures are still to come.

The Bare Essentials

Though it's a crime Atlanta does not have a Penthouse Club—yet—there are several top-shelf strip clubs and adult emporiums. If your bachelor parties are, *ahem*, early risers, allow us to steer them to the **Oasis Goodtime Emporium** (6363 Peachtree Industrial Boulevard; OasisAtl.com). Situated just outside the city's I-285 belt, the pleasure palace's doors swing open at 11:30 A.M. Monday through Saturday, welcoming you into a rarity: a surprisingly chill, affordable strip club. Beer prices hover around \$5 or \$6, and dances will run about \$10 a song. There are three stages, each equipped with a pole worked by an array of smoking-hot Southern ladies, and bachelor parties can grab the large VIP room overlooking the club. Plus, the gorgeous shooter girls are friendly as all-get-out.

If you're rolling in greenbacks,

then speed to the **Cheetah** (887 Spring Street NW; TheCheetah.com). Atlanta's swankiest, best-known strip club is so renowned that it was name-dropped in Jay-Z's “I Just Wanna Love U.” You, too, can make it rain at this sprawling, 13,000-square-foot ode to nudity. The main stage is flanked by four 180-inch TV screens broadcasting sports, and there's the runway and lighted stages spread through the club. Even better, the tabletops are also lit up, meaning you can examine every inch of the sublime Southern belle shimmying atop your table. Putting the cherry on top of this sexy sundae, big spenders can retreat to the intimate Executive Room for “private entertaining,” where plenty of fine cigars are available from the humidor, and the Alluvia restaurant serves surprisingly fine steaks, lobsters, and fried chicken breasts. Pro tips: If you go

At the Clermont, the real lure is the strippers, who will perhaps light their nipples on fire.

to a college or professional sporting event that day, bring your ticket stub for free entry. Also nearby are the excellent nightclubs **Primal** and **Opera**.

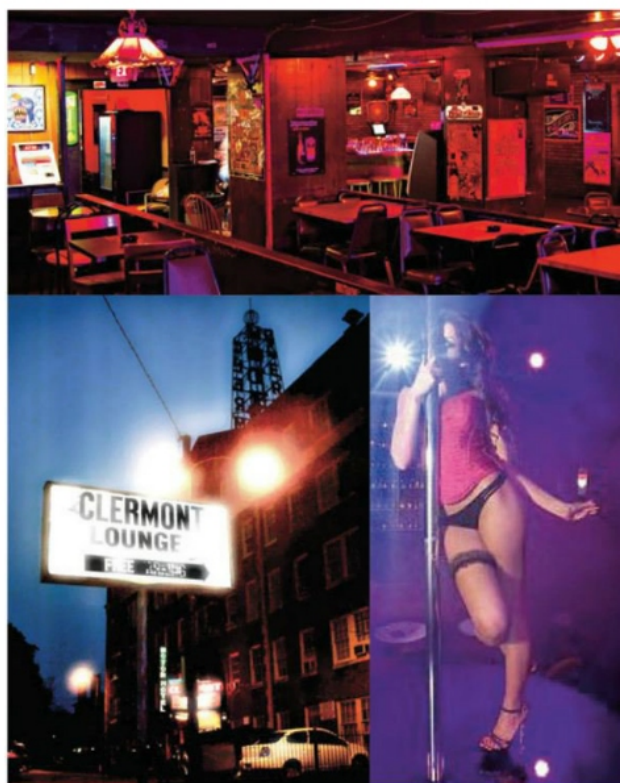
Almost on par with Cheetah sits a different breed of animal, the **Pink Pony** (1837 Corporate Boulevard NE; 404-634-6396). Although the building and the bathrooms have seen better days (and the Pony seems to have cornered the market in mirrors and neon), the ladies remain peerless, with multiple dancers sharing the stage at the same time. Bonus: If you have the bucks, the shooter girls might feed you test tubes full of brightly colored shots directly from their ample cleavage. And if you want to embarrass the bachelor on his big day, you can pay to have comely lasses drag him onstage and humiliate the hell out of him. One note of caution: Make sure you bring plenty of cash. The ATMs only spit out “Pink Pony bucks,” which are about as useful as Monopoly money in the real world.

Another Atlanta strip club commemorated in song is **Tattletale Lounge** (2075 Piedmont Road NE; TattletaleAtlanta.com), which

Mötley Crüe immortalized in “Girls, Girls, Girls.” Just like the rockers, the strip club has lost a little luster since its heyday. However, there's still plenty of down-and-dirty debauchery to be had, and the tattooed strippers' pole tricks can't be topped. Print out a free-admission pass from the club's website, then spend your bucks on frisky VIP-room fun for the bachelor—or yourself. That champagne isn't going to drink itself.

The preferred beverage at the lovably skuzzy **Clermont Lounge** (789 Ponce De Leon Avenue NE; ClermontLounge.net) is Pabst Blue Ribbon. In a former life, the Clermont, Atlanta's oldest strip club, was a classy supper club. But in 1965, the basement of the Clermont Motor Hotel was reborn as a proudly sleazy strip joint that has become an enduring Atlanta institution and a must-stop—or perhaps the last stop—on any bachelor crawl. Here's why: The Clermont is smoky enough to bring out that forest fire-fighting bear. The beers and Jägermeister shots are criminally cheap. And there's even a Ms. Pac-Man machine. But the real lure is the strippers, who will perhaps light their nipples on fire or, in the case of amply proportioned Blondie, crush your empty PBR can between her bosoms. It's the last sight you should see on your last night as a free man. 

The Clermont Lounge is Atlanta's oldest strip club, and one stop you shouldn't miss.



PUTTING THE COCK BACK IN ROCK

*Sex and rock 'n' roll go together like
condoms and lube. So where did the sex go?*

By Rachel Khona

Being a woman who has always preferred the vocal stylings of Robert Plant to that dude from Passion Pit, I'm more of a pre-1995 rock fan. Less indie rock and more just ... *rock*. Classic rock, hard rock, and even hair metal, I love it all. Don't get me wrong—I love a good Snow Patrol song when I feel the need to contemplate the meaning of life or wallow in my own melancholy. But nothing gets me more hot and bothered than the sweet sounds of a heavy bass, a longing moan, or someone whaling on the drums. Whether it's a frenetic pace or a deep, weighty sound, the rock music of yesteryear seems to have something that modern rock just doesn't: a pair of balls.

In Heidi Vanderlee's 2010 Flavorwire.com article, she makes the argument that rock has gone flaccid. Animal Collective, Neon Indian, and Grizzly Bear are

The author, about
to hit the road





just some of the artists that come out limp. Vanderlee voiced something deep and troubling that many people, myself included, have been pondering for a while. Has rock lost its cock?

There's a reason "sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll" is a phrase and "doilies, minivans, and rock 'n' roll" isn't. I want delicious, sweaty, thumping, crazy music, not something clean and palatable I could take home to Grandma. I want music I can screw to. But can you even screw to modern-day rock music anymore? I had the perfect opportunity to find out.

I was going on a road trip with a paramour I'll call Dex. Dex has had a flame burning for me for years, since the time we were both backpackers living and working in Ireland together. Our joint goofiness caused us to get along smashingly. Together we would sing songs as loudly as humanly possible while working at the coffee shop, entertaining the customers with our antics. Being the cowboy from Arizona with the deep, booming voice, Dex preferred old country. Being the peppy cheerleader from New Jersey, I lived for hair metal. We came together over our love of classic rock: the Stones, Zep, the Beatles.

I never thought of him as anything more than a friend, but no matter who he was dating, he always seemed to come back around, knocking at my door. For years, he let me know he thought I was one of the funniest, smartest, sexiest women he had ever met. Nothing like a little flattery to change a girl's mind.

I'd finally decided to throw caution to the wind and give in to the spark that may be. Dex was being flown from Australia (where he now resides) by his company to attend a conference in New Orleans. He invited me on a road trip through the Southwest, starting in the Big Easy and continuing through Texas and into Arizona. Though he invited me as just a "friend," for "fun," I suspected he wanted me to be more than that. And I was curious to find out if I could be.

It would be a solid six days across the barren desert in the middle of a sultry, hot summer. With our driving stints lasting anywhere from four to ten hours, we would have nothing to do except listen to countless hours of music and—if all went well—fuck our brains out. What better way to test our possible chemistry?

When I arrived in New Orleans, the sparks flew almost immediately.



Something had changed over the years. No longer was Dex the gangly cowboy from Arizona; he was all man.

When we finally made it back to the hotel, he confessed his long-standing crush and planted one on me. A tidal wave of wild lust hit me. I never could have imagined years ago that I would want to kiss Dex, much less mount him, but the next thing I knew, we were doing it in every conceivable position with unbridled ferocity. This was going to be one very interesting trip.

We had left New Orleans and were on our way to Austin, taking in the countryside as it changed from swamp-land to desert, when a Zep song came on. "The Ocean," to be precise.

"Don't you feel like doing something?" Dex hinted.

"And what would that something be?" I asked coyly.

"I don't know, I'm just saying, Zeppelin is on..." he said, fingering his zipper.

Seems we were both on the same page as far as the mighty Zep was concerned; nothing more needed to be said. Zeppelin made us both think of one thing: getting it on. I'm not sure if it's Bonzo's pounding of the drums, or the fact that Robert Plant always sounds like he's going to come at any second, but no matter what Zep tune is playing, it's enough to get my panties moist every time.

"Okay, but just so you know, you're

returning the favor when 'Custard Pie' [a Zeppelin song that references going down on a woman] comes on," I replied.

"Can't wait."

I unzipped his pants and began.

We were both really into it until we heard the upbeat, happy-go-lucky "Gonna take a trip to Laredo ..." streaming out of the speakers.

Band of Horses was not part of my modern-day Bonnie and Clyde porn fantasy. I went from feeling like a sexual vixen—my wild hair tousled, lip gloss all over his Johnson—to a proper lady who should be planning a picnic. But the show must go on. I reached over with my free hand and changed the song. On came "Respectable" by the Stones. Much better.

"That was so good," he said as I finished and sat back up in my seat.

"Thank you."

Hopefully tomorrow I wouldn't have to change the song mid-activity.

The Beatles, while not exactly known for the sex appeal of their songs, do have one tune that seems tailor-made for road-trip sex: "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" Good question.

Paul McCartney apparently wrote the song after seeing two monkeys boinking on an Indian roadside. Dex and I weren't quite monkeys, but we were definitely stoked to do it in the road.

We had just driven eight hours



through the middle of Texas, from Austin to Marfa, and our lustfulness was getting the better of us. I wanted to wait until we arrived at the hotel, which was a mere ten miles away; he wanted to pull over and get it on in the car, underneath the Marfa lights.

Maybe it was a sign, serendipity, or just really good luck, but "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" just happened to come on shortly after I acquiesced to Dex's request.

"No one will be watching us/ Why don't we do it in the road?" Paul crooned. It was like Paul was giving us his blessing.

"Oh, my God, I've always wanted to do it to this song!" Dex exclaimed.

"Well, I'm glad I could be the one to christen it with you," I responded with a smirk.

I hit the repeat button and quickly got on top of the car, Tawny Kitaen-style, and lifted up my skirt.

The more I listened, the more I realized this wasn't music that was particularly sexy; the song hardly inspired

the grinding that we were doing. It was standard Beatles fare—poppy, light, and upbeat. But the lyrics are enough to inspire even the most unimaginative of people to do it. And for that reason alone, the song got us more excited than if we were prisoners getting out of jail. That is, until we heard, “Yeah!”

Followed by loud hand clapping. *Fuck*. We hadn’t even finished. So much for no one watching.

“Get off me!” I hissed.

We scrambled back into the car, where I tried to regain my composure. No matter how good the song, for me nothing kills the mood faster than accidentally putting on a free show.

Nonetheless, we were both still eager to finish what we had started. We quickly left the viewing area and high-tailed it to the Thunderbird Hotel.

“I think I’m still a little traumatized. I need something to ease the pain.” I plugged the iPod into the stereo dock and put on Kings of Leon’s “Sex on Fire.” This song was a no-brainer. It offered a sort of comfort, like mac and

ing our level of raunchiness and depravity. We’d had sex inside, outside, in bathrooms, bathtubs, in the car, on top of the car, went down on each other while driving, and touched each other under the table at every bar and restaurant. We screwed to Queens of the Stone Age’s “Little Sister,” Bad Company’s “Feel Like Makin’ Love,” John Mellencamp’s “Hurts So Good,” Guns N’ Roses’ “Anything Goes,” and the Black Keys’ “Strange Desire,” while fast-forwarding through Pearl Jam, the Strokes, Animal Collective, Bob Dylan, and Arcade Fire. But there was still something missing.

Until we got to Tucson.

Perhaps it was the creepy mood set by the supposedly haunted Hotel Congress, or the fact that I had just bought a pair of superhot fuck-me stilettos at a local store, but I was dying to do it to the Dead Weather. This was not the time to fuck around with the random selections of our iPods.

Infusing blues into rock is something that seemingly died a long time



The Dead Weather

anything I’ve heard in recent years. In “So Far From Your Weapon,” she taunts, “You wanna get up/ Let go, I said no,” and, “You better wipe that smile from your lips/ Which of us will be the one to go?” The Dead Weather was just what we needed.

We checked into the hotel and bounded up the stairs. The eeriness of the place was not lost on me; the lights flickered and the rooms looked like they hadn’t changed since 1922. It was the perfect setting for a little action with the Dead Weather.

As Dex went back down to move the car, I set my iPod to play *Horehound*. I waited anxiously for him to return, ready to christen our bed, the floor, the bathtub, and everything else in sight.

When Dex got back, he picked me up and threw me on the bed with an intensity I wasn’t expecting.

“Ooh, I like it when you’re rough, baby,” I cooed.


“Take off your clothes,” he barked.

We sailed through “So Far From Your Weapon” to “Hang You From the Heavens” to “Treat Me Like Your Mother,” in which Alison and Jack trade jabs, with Alison taunting, “Stand up like a man/ You better learn to shake hands/ Look me in the eye now/ Treat me like your mother.”

A bit of asphyxiation, a few rug burns, a little bit of blood, and three songs later, we lay there totally exhausted and wholly satisfied.

“That was amazing,” he said. “You are the sexiest woman I have ever slept with. Period.”

“Aw, thanks, babe.”

Or maybe I should thank Alison Mosshart. Leave it to a woman to put the cock back in rock. 

I hit the repeat button and quickly got on top of the car, Tawny Kitaen-style, and lifted up my skirt.

cheese or PB&J. I knew it would leave me satisfied no matter what. Unlike the aforementioned Beatles song, “Sex on Fire” is more than just the sum of its lyrics; Caleb Followill’s soaring wails, the climactic buildup of the chords, the urgency in which the music progresses, are more than enough to make me want to tear someone’s clothes off, even if I hear it 50 times a day on the radio. And tear we did. Four times that night, in fact.

I don’t care what the critics say about Kings of Leon. Their music is hot (and, yes, I was a fan before *Only by the Night*). All hope is not lost for modern rock! The raspy, messy voice of Caleb and the visual imagery of their dirty rock gives Kings of Leon slow, sexy appeal that is quite befitting for encounters of the sexual kind. “I Want You” and “Black Thumbail” manage to make reflections of a Southern quartet sound like a calling to get your fuck on.

Nonetheless, we had yet to hear a song that even came close to match-



Kings of Leon

ago, living on only on classic-rock stations and at stores still selling vinyl. A regular old-school, sexy, bluesy rock band is something of an anomaly, looked down upon by the legions of hipsters who prefer their music more intellectual and thoughtful.

Which makes the Dead Weather that much better. Jack White’s brainchild brings the blues, guitar riffs, and Zeppelin-style heaviness kicking and screaming into the modern era, adding a shock of goth and murk. Alison Mosshart croons with a sinister intensity that is trashier and sultrier than





grade A prime

Ainsley Addison is blessed with down-home charm, Southern-girl sass, and college-grad smarts. All of which only enhance her captivating smile, gorgeous blonde hair, and spectacular rack.

Photographs by James





"My favorite sound is an orgasm. Every person's is different, and even one person's orgasms are different from one another. It's fascinating, and totally hot, of course."





"I'm a beach bum, and I love the laid-back lifestyle. All I need to relax is my hammock, an adult beverage, my puppies, and the beach."










"I'm a Southern belle ... well, a Southern-belle bombshell. I'm big on Southern hospitality. I'm also fun and outgoing."




AINSLEY ADDISON
SEPTEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"When it comes to men, I don't worry about age. I want someone with a good job who's good-hearted, faithful, and fun—and we have to have great sexual chemistry."



01st AINSLEY ADDISON
SEPTEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





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SEPTEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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AINSLEY ADDISON
SEPTEMBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
26 years old
5'10"-5'5", 115, 27"

Hometown:
Little Rock, Arkansas

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
One, I love my family and friends around. Two, there are great outdoor activities to partake in: biking, hiking, camping, floating on the rivers, and so much more.

Favorite food:
Any kind! I love food!

Favorite kind of music:
Anything and everything.

Favorite TV shows:
The Golden Girls and Modern Family.

Favorite vacation spot:
The beach.

Dream vacation spot:
More exotic beaches.

Favorite sports:
Soccer, tennis, biking, volleyball.

Favorite spare-time activity:
Gardening, exercising, dancing, and working on my stripper role.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be?
I would start my own fitness studio.

Who are your real-life heroes?
Military personnel and cops.

What's the worst job you've ever had?
T-shirt washing.

What's your proudest moment?
Graduating from college with two degrees and with honors.

What's the most exciting place you've made love?
In a field during a rainstorm.

SEE MORE OF AINSLEY AT PENTHOUSE.COM

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ When you know you're in love with someone, but you have an attraction to someone else, are you truly in love? Or just denying who you want?

I think you're in love, sure. I believe it is human nature to be attracted to others, and that will never change. As art lovers, we don't like only one painting. Why should we be visually stimulated by only one person? The difference is the level of intimacy, trust, and partnership that goes into your chosen relationship. Those are the calling cards of love. Personally, I can't tell the difference, so I fall in love every day. Ha! But that's just me; I'm a mess. However, when I was in love in the past, I always found other girls to be attractive, as my wife did with men. We would talk about it and be open with the subject, which is pretty standard stuff in terms of honesty and trust. In fact, I have found that being able to express one's self in a relationship that freely can bring two people closer, provided neither partner is threatened by the outside interest. Love is love. Attraction is simply a chemical reaction.

■ How do you feel about open relationships after marriage?

Open relationships can be tricky. They always start off great and eventually get messy. If you are interested in a fun short-term experience, I say go for it. However, nine times out of ten, someone gets hurt or resentful. I have had quite a few of these relationships, and they tend to be awesome for the moment, but end in disaster. Maybe they can work better for others, but that is not my experience. As for continuing an open relationship after marriage? My advice, based on my own experience, is—don't. Again, I am but one voice. Ask people who live experimental lifestyles and get a consensus. Personally, I will never have to deal with the subject again as I intend never to remarry. (I know ... famous last words!)

■ If you get a woman back to your crib, how do you get her in the mood and get the sex to start happening?

This is kind of a good question—really. My initial answer is not to expect sex. Women can smell desperation a mile away, and as soon as they feel obligated or preyed upon, they'll bounce. That being said, there are ways to make it clear what your intentions are prior to the visit, allowing her to make up her own mind before she gets there. If she comes home with you, it still doesn't mean that the sex is on, but things may get intimate. Personally, I am very clear with my intentions—and frankly, at this point, I think I come with a built-in "intention disclaimer" anyway. Call it a makeout session, a date, playtime, whatever. Just know that if you try to pull a fast one and invite her over for "a movie," you may just end up watching *The Notebook*. Enjoy the film!

As for putting her "in the mood"? If I knew the answer to that I'd be a multimillionaire. I just figure she's either in the mood or she isn't. Life is too short to have to try so hard. Be yourself, and be honest and up-front. That's your best plan.

■ What does it take for a man to make the switch from wanting to be naked with a woman to wanting to be with her, even if she's not naked?

God, I have no idea. Maybe if she turned into a PlayStation or a pizza.

■ Here's a good question. Why do men think showing girls their dicks is going to get them to like them?

Maybe because it works? Ha!

I don't know, to be honest, and I'm going to stray from your question and dive into the internet/Facebook/Twitter thing for a moment.

Normally I like to trash men here, but we'll turn the tables. This doesn't apply to *all* women, but let's be honest: Many of the women out there spend a good amount of time posting scantily clad pictures of themselves online—"modeling" pictures that are soft-core sexy and have arousing imagery, and are Photoshopped to all hell with a sultry come-hither look in their eye. I actually know several girls who will claim online to have a "photo shoot," as if they are high-end fashion models—but the shot is really just her new profile picture. Now enters the man. He takes her cue. "Let's show her how free and open I am, sexually, by sending a similar image that will break down walls." But he's a guy, so subtlety doesn't factor in. He just goes for the dick pic. And the woman gets insulted? Really? Want to stop getting dick pics? Redesign your Facebook page, you whore. ;)

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

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It's (Not) THE END OF THE WORLD as We Know It ... Probably

In a world filled with tsunamis, earthquakes, avian flu, catastrophic oil leaks, and melting ice caps, is it any wonder that many see the final days being in the cards before this year is out?

By Nick Redfern
Illustrations by
Noah Patrick Pfarr

Bad news: The world is going to end on December 21. There really is no way to break it to you gently—everything is going to come to a crashing end just a handful of days before this year is out. No Santa Claus. No Christmas presents. And that hot chick you planned on nailing at the New Year's Eve office party? You can forget all about that. "Game over" is the order of the day.

At least, that's what prophets of doom and a whole host of enterprising authors are loudly telling us. Don't believe me? There are dozens of books currently available on this highly emotive issue, including *Beyond 2012: Catastrophe or Awakening?*; *Apocalypse 2012*; and *2012 Survival Guide*.

Who do we have to blame for all of this scare-mongering? A long-gone culture that flourished centuries ago called the Maya, which left profound imprints in the form of exotic cities and lavish

temples in the Mexican states of Tabasco and Chiapas, as well as in much of the Yucatán Peninsula, Honduras, Belize, and Guatemala.

How, you might very reasonably ask, could such an ancient civilization have so many people in a state of anxiety today? The Maya were a curious bunch, to be sure, and the means by which their determination was made that something—good, bad, or somewhere hazily in between—may occur on December 21, 2012, is an extremely complex and controversial one.

It's all based on something called the Maya Long Count calendar, which suggests the end of a particular Earth-cycle on the above date, some 5,125 years after that same particular cycle began, according to the teachings of the Maya, at least. And that cycle is set to end, unfortunately for all of us poor schmucks alive today, on December 21, 2012. Maybe. However, there is some hope that we're not due for oblivion, after all.

A careful, unbiased study of the lore of the Maya reveals that, in actuality, the notion that the world will literally come to a horrific end, or that civilization will come crashing down around us on that day, isn't quite as clear-cut as many say.

Not a single prophecy in the history of the planet has ever been proven conclusively to have come 100 percent true, so why should the 2012-themed fears be any different?

The Maya had a specific belief system that life on Earth progresses in cycles. Today, we are said to be living in the fourth cycle—the previous ones were, supposedly, failed attempts by the gods to create the perfect environment on our little world. What comes next, in the fifth cycle, said to begin post-December 21, 2012? Well, that's the big question. But, amid the hysteria and the questions, there is a voice of reason, too. In other words, don't slash your wrists or cancel Christmas just yet.

Despite what the authors of some of the more sensationalist books on the subject might want you to believe, absolutely nowhere in the legends of the Maya are there any references to the sky falling, the oceans overwhelming the land, or rolling firestorms overtaking the planet as this year comes to a close.

The end of a cycle, then, does not necessarily mean the end of all things. Rather, it's the way in which that potentially emotive word, "cycle," has been used that leaves the meaning wildly open to interpretation. But much of the 2012 community is steadfastly determined to take a doom-and-gloom approach borne out of wide-eyed belief, and not much else, in the old prophecies. But not all of them, however.

Marie Jones, the author of *2013: The End of Days or a New Beginning?* and a refreshing breath of fresh air in a subject filled with apocalypse-obsessed characters, retains a healthy but balanced skepticism and a welcome sense of humor on the entire matter. Leaving us in no doubt where she stands on the controversy, Jones begins, "So much of what the public reads about the 2012 enigma is just plain bunk, pure crap. It's either perpetuated for purposes of monetary gain, religious fear, or plain ignorance. But crap, nonetheless. And when it spreads, it can be very frustrating for anyone who has bothered to examine the facts and look for the truth."

She continues, "The Maya were amazingly ahead of their time when it came to observing nature and being able to identify cosmological and astronomical events based on those observations. But, keep in mind, they

also painted each other blue and sacrificed each other to the gods. They had their limits."

With her feet firmly on the ground, Jones adds, "The end-of-the-world predictions we all know come not from the scientific acumen of the Maya, but from their mythology, much of which was bastardized when they were conquered by the Spanish. Conquering nations have a tendency to rewrite the myths and origin stories of the nations they conquer, to snuff out beliefs that may be pagan or go against those of the conquerors."

Bastardized maybe, but for many, the 2012 phenomenon is still downright petrifying. There is, for example, a whole subculture within the 2012 research arena that believes December 21 will mark the terrifying return of Nibiru, or Planet X, as it has become infamously and ominously known in conspiracy-minded circles.

It's a world alleged to be a part of our own solar system, but whose orbit around the Sun is so massive that only once in an extraordinarily long period of time does it ever come into view. Some say that it's going to do exactly that in December 2012, and that its orbit is going to bring it so close to the Earth that planet-wide disaster is all but inevitable.

More unfortunate, for us, there will be no last-minute salvation of the type that saw Bruce Willis save the world in 1998's *Armageddon*, while Aerosmith provided musical accompaniment. There's still hope. If Planet X exists, and if it will be with us in only a few short months from now, then it should already be viewable via telescope. It isn't.

Never mind that the entire Nibiru hypothesis was utterly unknown prior to 1995, when Nancy Lieder, who claimed to be in contact with aliens from a distant star system—Zeta Reticuli—was told that the return of Nibiru, and its attendant, powerful gravitational pull, would provoke a massive polar shift on our world that would result in unbridled chaos and death on a near-unimaginable scale. And never mind that Lieder originally said the date of the disaster was going to be 2003. Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't we survive

2003 in just fine-and-dandy fashion? Yes, we did, which is why now, we are told, the first date was incorrect and it's actually going to be December 2012 when fan and shit duly collide in spectacular fashion.

Most people might simply roll their eyes, but, as Marie Jones notes, there is a serious and sad side to all of this. There are far more than a few fear-filled individuals out there whose lives have been absolutely blighted by what some have said about the ever-elusive Planet X and the allegedly looming apocalypse.

Jones relates one particularly disturbing story: "About a year after my book *2013* came out, I began getting emails from people asking what they should do to prepare for the end. Some of them were heartbreaking, like one from a single mom in the South who had heard me on the radio and thought I would best steer her in the right direction, and wondered if she should sell her home and end her and her children's lives. I emailed back immediately to talk her off the ledge, giving her the facts and encouraging her to stay away from media and YouTube sensationalism. We exchanged emails for a few days, and she was so relieved to see that what she feared was based upon false interpretation—mainly western apocalyptic tradition piled on the original Mayan mythology."

Let's face it, the world of on-screen entertainment has also had a big influence on the minds of some.

AMC's *The Walking Dead* and such high-profile films as *Contagion*, *Children of Men*, *28 Days Later*, *I Am Legend*, *Dawn of the Dead*, and, of course, *2012* are fun to watch, but they have all given end-of-the-world-type scenarios massive shots of publicity, and mountains of depressing food for thought, over the course of the past decade. And, in the process, those same big-budget productions have helped to nurture disaster-driven belief systems that the end might be right around the corner.

And "nothing is going to happen" fails to strike a chord with the movers and shakers in Hollywood. It's certainly not what book publishers want to hear. On the other hand, "world-



wide catastrophe is only months away" *does* strike a chord—a very big one—and gets people into their local cinema or Barnes & Noble.

Marie Jones has a few thoughts of her own on this very issue of apocalyptic entertainment: "The obsession we have with the end, I believe, is partially a subconscious attempt to come to grips vicariously, via movies, books, TV shows, and even prophecies of others, with the fear of nonexistence. We all feel that fear. We share it as humans.

"One way to handle our fears," she continues, "without letting them destroy us, is to embrace them at arm's length or in a way that is safe. I think this same fear-embracing is also responsible for the wave of zombie films that are so popular now, and has always been behind the allure of horror and some sci-fi movies. If we can watch others being abducted, tortured, and eaten by zombies, it's an outlet for our own overwhelming fears of it happening to us, even though we consciously know it never would."

Upping the ante even further, she states, "I also believe this collective death wish has some arrogance and narcissism behind it. Those most con-

vinced of religious beliefs that include apocalyptic scenarios use the end of the world as a weapon to wield over those they deem as sinners or wrong, and of course they themselves will be raptured and saved and are the chosen ones who will not die."

"This," Jones concludes, "is the ultimate human arrogance, to believe that others deserve punishment for certain behaviors deemed sinful, as if we are able to be the final judge and jury on all of humanity. The funny thing is that these fundamentalists forget that their own Bible states that God is the final judge, not man. So won't they, then, also burn for judging others? Go figure."

And remember this: Not a single prophecy in the history of the planet has ever been proven conclusively to have come 100 percent true, so why should the 2012-themed fears be any different?

It was proclaimed by Nostradamus, the legendary French seer of the 1500s, that 1999 would mark the year in which a great "King of Terror" would come from the sky. Then there were those swirling and dire predictions that suggested that when 1999

rolled into 2000, the dating format on computers that ran everything from ATMs to our TV channels, and from the world's electrical grids to the nation's nuclear arsenal, would collapse, and civilization would descend into anarchy overnight. Yet again, it didn't happen—none of it.

So let's all try to think positive: Christmas *will* come, and you *will* get it on at the office party with that hot chick, after all. But, just in case, aim to nail that same hot chick sometime *before* December 21.

Marie Jones thinks far more than a few people might already be thinking along those very lines. She says, "I am sure they will, and not just as a result of people being afraid of the end of the world, but because of our natural ability to find any reason whatsoever to party and excuse our behaviors. Perhaps the whole 2012 enigma has been fabricated by the baby-product industry as a way to increase their sales in the year afterward!"

She adds, "I've been invited to a number of parties and celebrations, so I am certain there will be a lot of activities going on where people allow themselves the opportunity to lose their inhibitions with what has to be the best excuse ever. There will be a lot of hookups that people will no doubt want to forget ever happened come December 22, 2012."

And keeping in mind the possibility that wild and fun abandon will only increase as December 21 gets closer, Jones says, "One thing I am going to watch closely over the next few months is how many people rack up credit-card debt, buy furniture on these 'buy now, don't pay until 2013' deals, and take out loans they think they might not have to pay back. This could break the economy, were it not already broken."

If the end doesn't come, however, Marie Jones won't be too upset, as she notes with disarming honesty: "For me, it will be business as usual, as I don't expect anything to end except the shelf life for my book *2013: The End of Days or a New Beginning?* I will be curious to see what new 'end date' someone comes up with that goes viral, and, perhaps, I will then write a book to set the record straight on that date as well." ☯

Nick Redfern is the author of *There's Something in the Woods*; *The World's Weirdest Places*; and *Celebrity Secrets*.





best seat in the 'house

Twenty-year-old Jessi June knew that a modeling career meant taking a risk, but there's no denying it's worked out well for the popular internet star. "I was a chubby little girl," she tells us, "so this wasn't an obvious choice. But after months of working out and eating right, I had my first shoot. When I saw the pictures, it really changed my view on life. I knew I had a chance to achieve my crazy dream!"

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



"I like to be tossed and thrown around the bed a little. Some roughhousing and wrestling go a long way. Nothing too hard—I'm not looking to get hurt—but enough to jump-start the endorphins."





"If I'm in a playful mood, it's time to put on some fun rock 'n' roll and get to knocking boots. If I'm in a romantic mood, I go with Usher or Marvin Gaye or Maxwell. The music should fit the mood, not the other way around."



"The most exciting place I've made love is in the driver's seat of a truck while going down the highway at 70 miles an hour. Looking back on it, it was sooo dangerous. I would never do it again, but, Jesus, was it hot!"







"On any given evening, I'm at a photo shoot or home on the computer getting work done. Unless there's sports on that night. Then I'm multitasking between my messages and watching the game."

SEE MORE OF JESSI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





The painting "Sex Bomb,"
with model Jessamyne Rose

X-RATED



They say a picture's worth a thousand words, but when we look at these arousing pinup paintings by Kelly.X, we have a hard time forming any words at all.

By Jennifer Peters

Kelly Futerer spent more than ten years traveling the world, working as a fashion model for some of the top designers before she started her second career as Kelly.X, a pinup artist who shines the spotlight on other beautiful women. Now Futerer is one of a handful of talented artists bringing pinup art back into vogue, with sold-out gallery showcases and sexy women hoping to be immortalized on her canvas.

Her work is reminiscent of original pinup masters Alberto Vargas and Gil Elvgren, but with a modern twist all her own. "The girls in Vargas and Elvgren paintings just speak to you. They jump off the page and they have personalities," Futerer says. "So when I started painting, I decided to paint my own versions of what I would want a pinup girl to look like today."

The women in Futerer's paintings wear leather and latex—if they wear anything at all—and they frequently get caught with their hands down their pants, not something you'd see in the forties and fifties. Futerer's models even flip you off once in a while. But no matter how rough, tough, or risqué her muses may appear, each of the women she captures with her oils and watercolors exudes the lighthearted eroticism that you'd expect from a cheesecake model.

Futerer started painting pinups seven years ago, and with more than a few models' names in her Rolodex, it wasn't hard to find inspiration. She wanted to show her friends' personalities, which is unwelcome in the fashion world. But it's what good pinup art is all about. "When we were models, we weren't really allowed to have personalities," she says. "We were just there to sell clothing—look pretty and be a hanger."

"In fashion, you'd be asked to make a certain face or do a pose, and a lot of girls wouldn't do it because they were afraid it would make them look ugly," she continues. "But pinup models, those girls don't give a shit. They'll try it all. It's a different breed of model."

Women who pose for her, Futerer explains, aren't simply catalog pages come to life. They range from five foot two to five foot ten and can be stick-





Above: Four works in progress of the painting "Black Betty," shown finished to the right, with model Bernie Dexter. At right: The painting "Full Bloom," with model Seffana Seff. Far right: The painting "Wanting," with model Seffana Seff

thin or curvy and voluptuous. While all the women she's featured are stunning in their own way, it's not a particular body type or bra size that makes them stand out. "Every girl who I paint, even if she's just sitting there, you can see personality in her eyes," Futerer says. "It's not that the girls are zany or crazy, but they exude sexuality and have a lack of inhibition."


One of her favorite models is her close friend Samantha Phillips, our June 1993 Pet of the Month, who's one of Futerer's biggest fans. "Her work has a cool insight to it," Phillips says. "You get a sense of the person from her work instead of just seeing a really beautiful picture of a pretty girl. Her paintings let you feel a connection with the model. It feels as if it's a 3-D image and you're a part of it."

And being part of a Kelly.X work is exactly what women want. Futerer also fields requests from women who want to star in their own pinup fantasies. Ladies across the country have commissioned paintings of themselves in classic pinup poses—and even completely nude—usually as gifts for their boyfriends or husbands. "People are more in touch with their sexuality today," Futerer says. "You used to only see pinups hung in hot-rod shops, but these days people aren't afraid to display them as major pieces of art in their homes."

Considering that a painting typically takes 150 to 280 hours to complete, you might expect Futerer

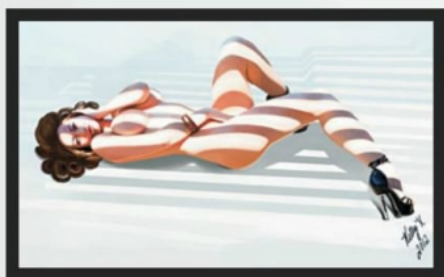


to limit how many projects she takes on. But when we suggested one of our own lovely ladies, 2012 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Emily Addison, Futerer was delighted, despite being in the midst of finishing work on a book and two calendars. The buxom Pet's delicate curves and expressive features had already earned her a spot on the artist's wish list. "She's like a gazelle, so very graceful," Futerer says. "The way she walks, the way she holds her fingers. Everything about Emily is perfect, especially in this photo!"

"I work with the nicest, coolest people," she adds. "My job does not suck." Just turn the page to see Futerer's stunning painting of Emily. 



Kelly X
2011
99



PENTHOUSE

EMILY ADDISON
2012 PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

The brand-new painting "Unhinged,"
with model Emily Addison, inspired by a
photo by Preston Geoffrey Parker,
from Emily's Pet of the Month shoot



HAPPILY UNEMPLOYED

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXVII: Naughty Intentions & Dirty Deeds, published by Grand Central Publishing.



Six months ago, I learned that the company I worked for had been purchased by a large conglomerate. The conglomerate's people would take over the duties of my entire department, and I would be out of a job. I was mulling over this sorry turn of events as I walked around aimlessly after work. I ended up wandering into an expensive part of town, and as a stiff drink seemed in order, I ducked into the nearest restaurant.

A friendly bartender set me up with a whiskey neat. As I looked around at the patrons in the bar and the adjoining dining area, I realized these were the people who shopped at places like Bloomingdale's and Neiman Marcus. I quickly calculated the cash I had on hand and figured I could buy two more rounds before being tapped.

As I nursed a second whiskey, a gentle tap on my shoulder brought me face-to-face with a beautiful older woman who introduced herself as Marilyn. She said she'd been waiting for me for ages! I had absolutely no idea what she meant, but I played along, hoping I'd at least get a free drink and have an interesting conversation.

Marilyn appeared to be in her late forties. Only the small crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes gave away her age. She was much older than I, but as she said, age is just a measure of time, having nothing to do with enthusiasm. Now, I'm the type of guy who lusts after willowy models barely of age, but the distinguished and elegant manner in which Marilyn conducted herself had me lusting for her.

Her hair was blonde and her skin was tanned. Her legs were firm and long. As for her shape, she could have been a magazine centerfold. In fact, she said she'd been a Miss America contestant when I was still a baby. She wore a pink dress, and the hem of a pink slip showed as she perched on the bar stool.

Marilyn was a "touchy" person, and as we spoke she touched my thigh. I don't think it was by accident that she nonchalantly rested her hand on my crotch. I, in turn, caressed the small of her back. Her ass looked firm and smooth, and I wondered what this most appealing older woman looked like nude.

After paying for our drinks with her platinum card, she suggested I accompany her home. Outside, I removed the sunglasses she insisted on wearing, even though it was dark, and I kissed her.

Not surprisingly, Marilyn's apartment was in a ritzy neighborhood. She asked me to make us drinks while she got into something comfortable. Before she could slip into her bedroom to change, though, I called her back. As we kissed, teasing each other's tongue, I pulled down the zipper at the back of her garment. She dropped her arms and let the pink dress fall to the floor.

"Now, is that more comfortable?" I asked. She

noded and stood in her delicate pink slip. I was surprised she didn't wear a bra. Her breasts were firm and rode proudly on her chest. "Take off your panties," I told her.

Marilyn did as directed, and then pulled her slip over her head to expose her perfect breasts and hard nipples. Between her legs was a thatch of dark pubic hair, and when she sat on the arm of the sofa to watch me undress, she spread her legs and I saw the redness of her labia.

I crouched at her feet and nuzzled my face into her crotch. I wanted to rub her wetness all over my cheeks and forehead and chin. She leaned back on her arms as she began to roll her hips. When she suggested that I use my tongue, I laughed to myself because I'd had the exact same thought.

I parted Marilyn's puffy pussy lips with my tongue and licked her wet flesh. She tasted so good. She moaned as I introduced my tongue to her clitoris. Her labia were engorged and opened like rose petals. If her nub was her stamen, it was also the center of her sexual consciousness. As she came, shuddering and throwing back her head, I knew that her next orgasm would be just as intense.

I pulled her down onto the carpet by her ankles. Still reeling from her climax, Marilyn lay on her back with her knees bent. I spread her legs wide and rubbed her pussy with my palm. My cock was hard, and I was ready to feel the heat of her sex.

I climbed on top of her and sank my cock inside her cunt. She gasped and wrapped her legs around my waist, locking me in a fleshy vise as she dug her heels into my ass. Marilyn wanted all the cock I could give her. We fucked right there on the carpeted



floor with animal-like ferocity. I gave it to her in long, vigorous thrusts. When I knew I was about to come, I pulled out of her. She was upset at the sudden loss of my cock in her pussy, but the strands of come I crisscrossed on her stomach and pubic hair made up for the abrupt interruption.

Marilyn and I see a lot of each other, and she is aware of my search for another job. She's offered to help me out financially, provided I stay ready for all the sex she wants. That's the best offer I've had!—
W.S., Massachusetts

Marilyn wanted all the cock I could give her. We fucked right there on the floor with animal-like ferocity.



Pet of the Year Jenna Rose (right) and December 2010 Pet of the Month Sabrina Maree entertained the opening-weekend crowd.



Go West, Young Man

The newest Penthouse Club boasts a sleek design, a star chef, and some seriously sexy Key Girls. Get ready to leave your heart in San Francisco.

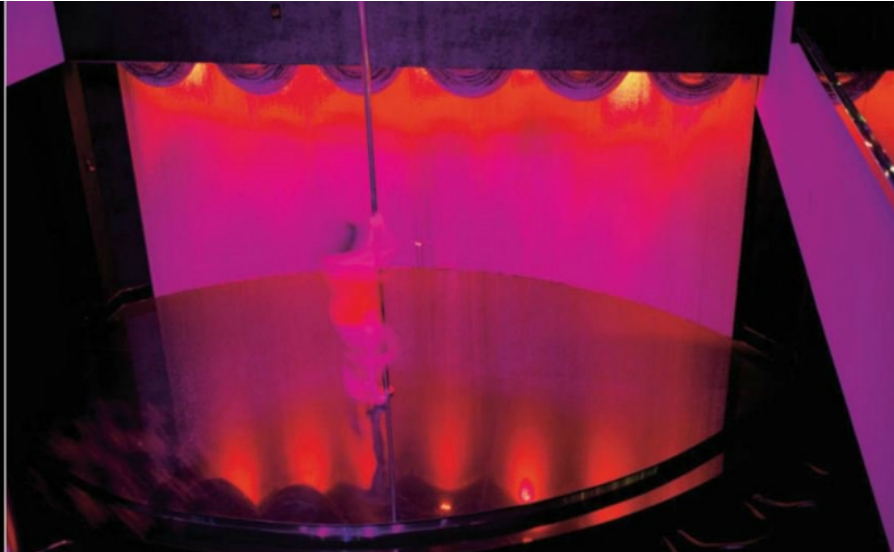
San Francisco is known for its jaw-dropping scenery and mouthwatering restaurants. At the new Penthouse Club

and Steakhouse in North Beach, you can find both in the same spot—along with curves that rival those of Lombard Street.

North Beach is one of the few Frisco neighborhoods that tourists and locals agree on. Once the stomping grounds for Beat writers like Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, the neighborhood is known for cozy Italian restaurants, neon-lit nightclubs, and a relaxed, come-as-you-are vibe. Now the low-key district is getting an upscale addition: With its modern design and top-notch dining, the Penthouse Club stands out among the nightclubs and strip joints along Broadway, and sets a new standard for luxury.

The club celebrated its grand opening in March with a three-day weekend packed with wild festivities. Pet of the Year Jenna Rose and December 2010 Pet of the Month Sabrina Maree were on hand to cut the ribbon and mingle with the lucky guests. Inside, countless gorgeous Key Girls performed on the club's two-story pole, and that wasn't the only action on the main stage—Ultra Music artist JES, known as the "queen of rocktronica," took over for a sexy performance of some of her hottest singles. Not a bad way to break in the state-of-the-art sound system.

That sound system is just one of many high-tech touches in the club.



A team of award-winning designers completed a multimillion-dollar renovation of the space, adding LED lighting and a 20-foot video wall. The two-story pole is the centerpiece of the main stage downstairs, but you'll find eye candy just about everywhere you look. There's a platform for dancers next to the bar, and a Plexiglas stage on the second level where guests can enjoy a show from the dining area—or you can get a unique view from below.

For a more intimate view of the Key Girls—who AskMen.com called "the prettiest in town"—there are curtained booths for lap dances. Bachelor and bachelorette parties can rent out private rooms, and high-rolling guests can get up close and personal in champagne rooms and exclusive VIP areas. After you've done enough research to find your favorite Key Girls, check out the club's website for a detailed calendar of which performers are scheduled each day.

With so much talent to take in, chances are you won't want to leave—not even to refuel at one of San Francisco's famed foodie hot spots. Luckily, the second-floor steak house is the perfect place to satisfy your hunger. This isn't the average

nightclub grub—chef Michael Ellis earned a Michelin star at his last gig, and he's said he has every intention of earning another one here. If that sounds a bit far-fetched for a gentlemen's club, think again. Ellis serves up such creative fare as organic local greens in a roasted shallot vinaigrette, flash-seared hamachi with avocado puree, and grass-fed filet mignon—hell, the bar menu even offers caviar and foie gras.

Top it off by ordering a round of Penthouse signature drinks or a bottle from the six-page wine list—which ranges from modestly priced selections served by the glass to a \$21,000 six-liter bottle of Dom Pérignon—all while enjoying a bird's-eye view of the hottest dancers in the Bay Area. If that sounds like a perfect night in San Francisco, we can't really argue with you. Sure, the Golden Gate Bridge is stunning and Alcatraz is legendary—but don't feel guilty if the Penthouse Club becomes your favorite sightseeing destination when you're in town. **OT—A**





A photograph of a person lying on their side on a bed with a teal sheet. They are wearing white underwear. The background is a window with light-colored horizontal blinds, through which bright light is streaming. The overall mood is intimate and relaxed.

heavy petting

There's only so much two girls can do at a Penthouse Club without risking arrest, but back at their hotel, Pets Jenna Rose and Sabrina Maree have the privacy to indulge their desires. And since they brought all of us along for the ride, they've indulged our desires as well.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



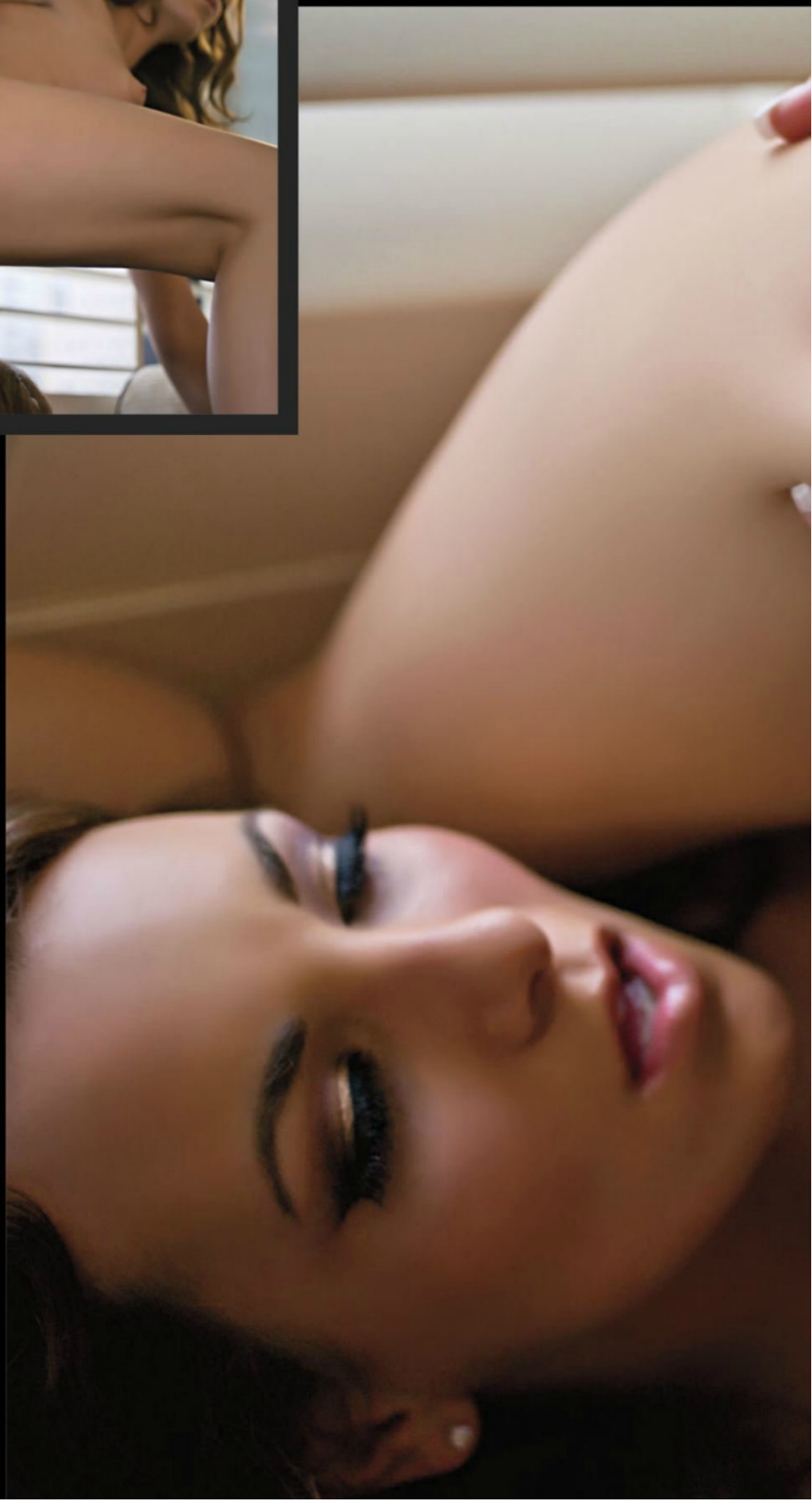














SEE MORE OF JENNA AND SABRINA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com)

FEEL SO

On a dark and stormy night, passions are ignited, secret desires are revealed, and the lines between fantasy and reality are blurred.

By Andrea Dale • Illustrations by Ronnie Werner

In the distance, I heard thunder. My friends Amber and Jon had rented a vacation cottage on the beach, so the thunder was pretty much the only noise. That and the faint hum of the AC, which didn't do much to ease the stifling heat for me.

Rain would be nice, because I was sweltering. Why I'd chosen to cross the country to visit them at this time of year was anyone's guess.

I'd already kicked off the covers, lying naked on the damp sheets, unable to sleep. If Amber hadn't had to rush back home because her sister's baby was making an early appearance, we'd be out on the porch now, sipping wine and giggling. But it was just Jon and me. We'd shared a pleasant evening, then drifted off to our respective rooms an hour ago.

I didn't know Jon well, but ... I felt a little guilty, sprawled here naked, my nipples beading at the thought of him. When I'd first met him, I'd dragged Amber aside and said, "Damn, he's fine!" And he was—oh, he was. Not just looks, either. Not just that he clearly worshipped my best friend. No, it was the sly grin, the vaguely flirtatious comments, the way he could make anything sound sexy as hell.

It didn't help that Amber had confided in me, as girls do, about how hot their sex life was. Jon was apparently solicitous and inventive in equal mea-

sure, as well as (according to Amber) sincerely aroused by her.

You know, in that "the way you touch me, I'll die if I don't come right now" kind of way.

Thunder growled again, a little louder.

I wasn't jealous; I loved Amber and was thrilled she'd found her Mr. Right. That didn't stop me from fantasizing about her Mr. Right, unfortunately.

My brain warred with my conscience. I would never hurt Amber. I'd been cheated on before. I knew what it felt like, and I loved her too much.

My skin was sticky in the heat, but my thighs felt stickiest of all. Was it cheating to just fantasize? My body won out over my conscience. To assuage my guilt, I imagined a scenario where Amber and Jon had never dated, had become friends only. Jon's smoky blue eyes would have caught mine across the room, and I would've moved toward him, hooked and reeled in by the erotic promise in his gaze.

I rolled my nipples between my fingers. Flashes of desire matched the flashes of lightning outside.

No, fast-forward. I didn't want to go through the first-meeting crap—I wanted to fantasize about the sex. I'd seen Jon without his shirt on; he had a fine dusting of dark hair along his chest. He wasn't overly buff, but his upper arms were muscled just the way I liked them. If he were stretched out

over me, those muscles would flex as he held himself there, dipping his head down to tease me with kisses. First light, then devouring, our tongues clashing and our teeth knocking until we had to pull apart just to breathe.

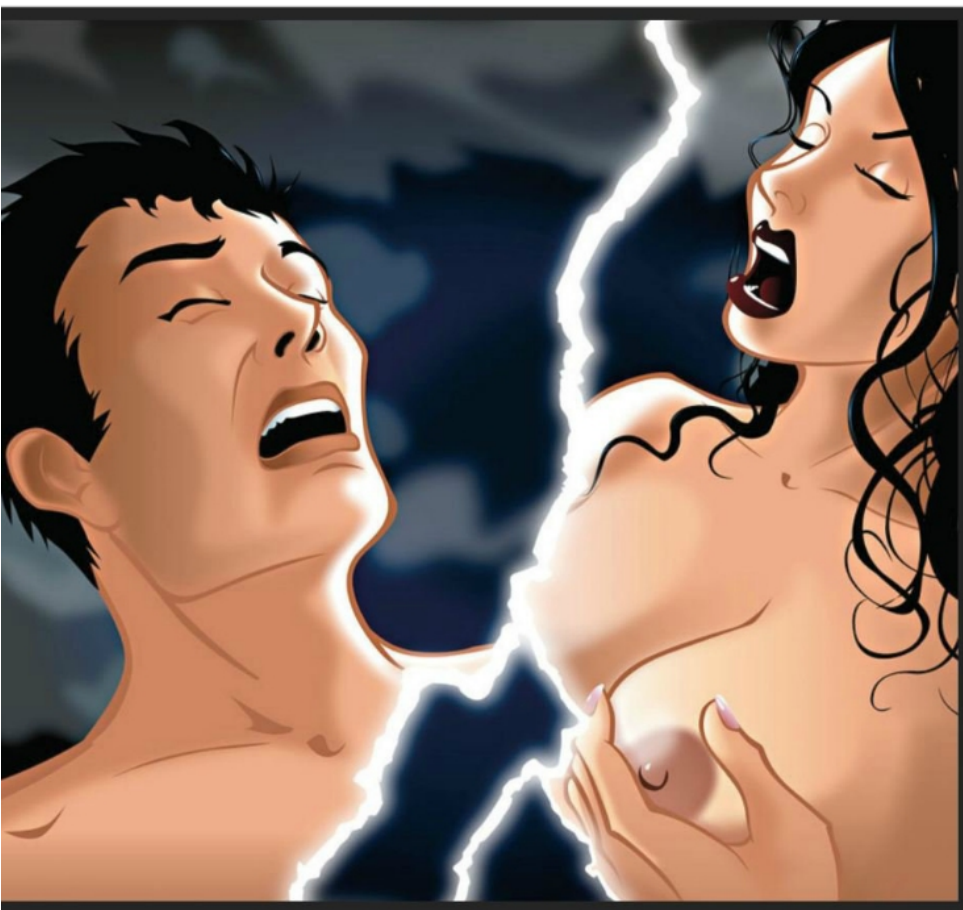
My hips shifted restlessly, and I wished I'd brought my vibrator on the trip, but I could do just fine with my fingers—fingers I let trail down my belly, across my hips, just as I'd want him to do with his hands and mouth, caressing and licking and biting. The pressure built in my clit, my pussy lips now slick with moisture. When I dipped my fingers in, I could smell my arousal, sweet and musky. Jon, I thought, would lick me and then kiss me so I could taste myself, and I brought my fingers to my mouth.

The thought of Amber flitted across my mind, but I pushed it away. This was just a fantasy, even if it was one that made my cunt clench with the deliciousness of it.

The visions muddled and blurred as I stroked my swollen clit. Legs parted, knees bent, I flicked it and pretended it was Jon's fingers doing so, Jon's talented tongue (for I knew it had to be). Just flashes of images: looking down to see his glossy dark hair, messy from the way I'd clutched his head, as he licked and sucked between my thighs. Jon rearing back over me, ordering me in a lust-rasped voice to wrap my legs around him. Positioning his cock just so, slipping and sliding it

DIRTY





through my wetness, teasing me while I squirmed and begged beneath him and his eyes darkened and glinted with amusement at my desperation ... so close ... just there....

The sharp knock at the door almost made me scream. My hips dropped and my clit pulsed in a faux orgasm, still on the brink, unfulfilled.

"Yeah?" I managed to say. My mouth was dry. I grabbed the sheet, yanking it up over me, just in case.

"Everything okay?" Jon's voice came through the door.

Now I swallowed laughter. No, it wasn't okay. I'd just brought myself to near-ecstasy while thinking of him, and my groin ached from the denial of release.

"Um, fine, yeah. Why?"

"The storm's knocked out the power and I wanted to give you a flashlight."

I grabbed my robe from the tangled sheets at the foot of the bed. Belting it, I realized just how short and skimpy it was—I hadn't thought I'd need it except for dashes to the bathroom. I wiped my hand on the sheets and smoothed down my hair as best I

could before I opened the door.

Oh, God. My stomach clenched and my thighs felt weak. Jon's hair was mussed, just like I'd fantasized, just as if I'd been pulling his head down to mine, my fingers tangled in the glossy black strands; as if I'd been riding him and his head had tossed back and forth on the pillow in ecstasy.

He held out the flashlight. I grabbed it, trying to cover the fact that my hand shook.

"I'm sorry," he said with his half-grin that furrowed the dimple in his cheek. "Air-conditioning's knocked out, too. You must be sweltering."

It really was as if my fantasy had come to life, because Jon was shirtless, wearing only a pair of loose running shorts, midnight blue like his eyes. His chest showed a fine sheen of sweat.

"It is a bit warm," I admitted, then wondered why he'd said it. Did I look disgustingly sweaty? Did I smell sweaty? Worse, did I smell like sex?

"I could use some lemonade," he went on, oblivious to my inner turmoil. "Want some? It's a little cooler out on the porch."

My mental panic continued.

Hanging out on the porch with Jon, both of us nearly naked, would certainly help fuel my fantasies. But did my fantasies need any more fueling? Was this skirting the line of betraying Amber? Not to mention I was still aching with the need to come.

"Sure," I said finally. "Sounds great."

He lit candles, then went inside for the drinks. It took me a few moments to arrange myself on the cushioned wicker chair in such a way that I didn't flash Jon when he returned. He was right: It was cooler here, with the barest hint of a breeze floating in on the electricity-charged air.

"I'm not used to this kind of weather," I commented, desperate for conversation. "Humidity, storms."

"It's always an adventure," he said. "It'll hit us before long, and the temperature will really drop. Keep your window open tonight; it'll help."

"When do you think we'll have power again?" The candles were too romantic, too perfect in the way they cast knife-edge shadows off his cheekbones.

"Probably by the time we wake up," he said, and then I was thinking about waking up with him, spooned together, his hand over my breast and his morning cock thick against the crack of my ass, and ...

Jon cleared his throat, and I jolted back to the present and realized why. My lemonade glass was sweating in the heat, dripping condensation onto my robe. A fraction of a second later I felt the chill as the water soaked in.

Of course, the drops were on the slope of my breasts. I glanced at him, but he was looking away now. But he'd been watching.

I tried to diffuse the moment.

"Feels good, actually." Oh. That did the opposite. But it really did feel good. My nipples hardened, needy again, and I thought about taking my drink back to my room and putting the ice cubes to better use.

"Lea," Jon said suddenly. "This is ... awkward."

"I'll go." I stood, holding the front of my robe when it threatened to open.

"It's okay," he said, also standing.

"Look, you're a gorgeous woman, and I love that you and Amber are so close. I'd never do anything to affect that."

"I should hope not," I said, defensive and guilty in equal measure.

I'd told him, semi-drunkenly, at their wedding reception that if he ever hurt Amber, I'd cut off his dick with a rusty spoon. I'd forgotten about that until

now. Too busy having other thoughts about his dick, I guess.

"I just thought ... no, it's stupid." He sat back down.

"What?" I mirrored his action, carefully, like before.

"I'd never cheat on Amber," he said, not looking at me. "But there's nothing wrong with a fantasy, is there?"

"No," I said, wondering desperately if he knew.

"Would you be offended if I said I'd fantasized about you?" he asked.

What could I say but "I'd be flattered"? Clearing my throat, I added, "The feeling's mutual, you know."

That grin again, glinting and gone. "Thanks. Glad to hear it."

Lightning flashed, and my skin seemed to hum with electricity.

"How about this?" I said suddenly, crazily. "We'll go back to our separate rooms. Fantasize, masturbate. Knowing the other person is doing it."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"No talking about it, no telling each other what we're thinking about. That's going too far."

Of course, I wanted to know how he thought of us together. What positions, what acts went through his mind as he pulled on his cock. But at the same time, I didn't want to know—and imagining what he was thinking was kind of hot, too.

Plus, I wasn't just toeing the line, I was kicking it off to one side.

The ice rattled as he set his glass down. His shorts were tented, and I pressed my knees together against the sudden tremor in my groin.

"You're on," he said.

We seemed to press against opposite sides of the hallway as we made our way back to the bedrooms. As I turned to slip into mine, though, he swung close and whispered, "Leave your door open." Then he was gone.

The bedroom doors weren't within our line of sight, but it still made sense; with the window and door open, I might catch a faint cross breeze. I thought I knew, though, why he'd suggested it. It removed another barrier, one we'd still never cross.

Before I turned off the flashlight, I fished a piece of ice from my near-empty glass of lemonade and, nestled against the pillows, did what I'd thought about on the porch.

My skin prickled as I circled the cold cube around my nipple, feeling it peak harder, tighter. I tweaked it with my fingers while I toyed the cube around my other nipple. Streaks of hot light-

ning tugged at my groin. I wished Jon were teasing me with the ice, making my nipples hard with the cold and then soothing them with the warmth of his mouth before biting down, throwing me off guard with pleasure and near pain.

When the fragment was almost melted, I dropped it between my breasts. It slid slowly down, nothing more than a tiny rivulet of water by the time it reached my navel.

What was he doing in his room? Did he toy with his own nipples, think of me sucking on them? Or had he gone straight for his cock, already hard? Did he imagine me sucking on him, licking him, cradling his balls in my hand, my hair spilling over and tickling his belly?

I scrabbled for the glass again, and grabbed another piece of ice.

I spread my legs wide, tilted my hips, and let the icy water drip, drip, drip onto my clit, each drop bringing me closer to the edge without letting me tip over. There was no reason to tease myself except to prolong my fantasy of Jon, as I imagined his hand

plate of omelet and bacon and fruit. "Power's back on; hope it didn't bother you last night. Want to eat on the porch? It's a beautiful day."

I poured myself some coffee. He sounded so casual, so ordinarily cheerful. I felt unbalanced, unsteady. Had I dreamed last night?

The feeling stayed with me when I saw that Jon's lemonade glass and the candles were gone from the porch. We'd promised not to talk last night, and it made sense to continue that into today (and, of course, beyond), but still ...

I hid my smile behind my steaming mug as we discussed my flight time that afternoon. Maybe it all had been a storm-induced fantasy. If so, it had been a damn good one.

By the time I got home that night, I had myself convinced it was nothing more than a fantastic hallucination. And I was able to coast on that thought through the next day's jet lag—until Amber called me.

Guilt churned in my gut as she apologized again for having to leave

FROM THE OTHER ROOM I HEARD A HOARSE CRY, AND REALIZED MY OWN SOUNDS OF PASSION HAD TRIGGERED HIS RELEASE. THE KNOWLEDGE SENT MY CLIT PULSING INTO A SECOND CLIMAX.

wrapped around the purpling head of his cock, his fingers and shaft slick with lube and pre-come. His thighs straining, his head thrown back, and the cords of his neck standing out as he ...

That was it. I plunged my free hand down, found my throbbing clit, and stroked. Heat and light bloomed in my belly as the contractions overtook me. I moaned, louder than I'd planned, and followed it with a teeth-clenched "Fuck, yes" as I milked my orgasm just a few seconds longer.

From the other room I heard a hoarse cry, and realized my own sounds of passion had triggered his release. The knowledge sent my clit pulsing into a second climax.

That's why he'd wanted the doors open, I thought hazily, right before thunder boomed close by and the rain finally began to fall.

I woke the next morning to the smell of bacon. I took a quick shower, still sticky from dried sweat and lemonade and come, and threw on a sundress that was deliberately long and loose.

"Morning," Jon said, handing me a


and told me about her new nephew. We were just about to hang up when she added, "By the way, I don't know what went on here, but I have to thank you. Jon's been a dynamo in bed since I got home tonight. I barely got away to call you."

"Nothing happened," I squeaked.

"Oh, I know you two didn't do anything," she said, laughing. "But Jon told me ages ago that he has fantasies about you. Must've been that skimpy robe of yours ... and, I might add, he's right—you look smoking in it. So, thanks for the inspiration. Can't wait till you visit again!"

Before I could comment, she'd said good-bye and ended the call.

I stared at the phone for a long moment, then reached for my vibrator. Fantasies about Jon? Been there, enjoyed that. Fantasies about Jon and Amber?

Oh, I was just getting started with those. 

"Feel So Dirty," by Andrea Dale, from *Suite Encounters: Hotel Sex Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2012.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

■ NO MORE MR. NICE GUY

I'm a 28-year-old guy, and I'm just starting to realize that I want to be more aggressive sexually with women. I've always been considerate and romantic in bed, but I'm figuring out that the feeling of dominance truly turns me on. If women like to be dominated in bed, do they usually go for tough, aggressive guys? I'm normally sensitive and easygoing, so I don't know how my current girlfriend would react if I started showing her this other side of me.

You don't have to be a jerk to be sexually dominant, nor do you have to be a big tough guy. Many, if not most, people who are into dominance and submission are supernice, cool people. It's not at all unusual for a sensitive guy to have a sexually aggressive, dominant side that he'd like to act on.

Most people have different personas for different settings—a professional persona for the office, a friend persona for hanging out, a parental persona for their kids, etc. In the same way, you can have a sexual persona that's reserved solely for the bedroom (or the dungeon, as the case may be).

Acting out dominant and submissive roles during sex is known as "power play." The key word here is "play." Many people take their role seriously, and feel that it is a genuine part of who they are. Some even turn it into a 24/7 lifestyle. But the key word is still "play."

Ultimately, it is supposed to be fun. That means your partner—in your case your current girlfriend—has to be in on it with you. If you were to adopt a totally new sexual style and persona with her all of a sudden, it could really freak her out.



First and foremost, you need to find out how she would feel about being dominated, and what that would actually entail. Exactly how do you want to act? There are all kinds of ways that people express dominance. Not all of them resemble the stereotypical sadist in leather that you see in movies. For some, dominance means acting mean. Others dominate good-naturedly. You may or may not want to dish out pain or humiliation. Domination can be entirely physical (using restraints or force), all head games, or a combination of the two.

If she would be into it, or at least willing to negotiate, then you'd have to agree on rules and boundaries. This is extremely important. There would need to be a very clear understanding between you about when the play would start and end. For example, would you act out dominance only in the context of sex, or at dinnertime, too? If it were only during sex, when would "sex" start and end? Would it be at your command, or would you mutually agree to initiate it?

You'd need to talk explicitly about what she would give consent for you to do. Never assume anything is okay unless she has said so. If she tells you it's okay to pin her down and fuck her face, then it's all in good fun. If not, it could be abuse.

You should also agree on a way to halt the proceedings. A "safe word" or signal is useful for this. That is a word, phrase, or gesture that either of you can use if you need to call time-out, or if you don't like what's happening. If pretending to do things against her will would be part of your scene, then a safe word is absolutely necessary, and shouldn't be anything like "no," "mercy," or "stop."

This might seem like a lot of rules, but actually you'd only be elaborating on unspoken protocols that already exist. You already have a mutual understanding of what kind of behavior is acceptable in the bedroom, even if you haven't talked about it—that it's rude to burp when you're kissing, say, or to interrupt sex to take a phone call.

Remember that you have limits, too. Since you're just beginning to explore your dominant side, you might not yet know what your own limits are. Ease into it little by little. Launching right into the most intense stuff could scare the kink right out of you.



■ SOUND GOOD?

I saw a set of screwdrivers that had a warning printed on it saying "not to be inserted into penis." Why would anyone do that?

It's a weird, wonderful world we live in. Having spent years and years learning about sexual behavior, I thought I'd seen, or at least heard of, everything. I was humbled when, only recently, I found out about "sounding"—the practice of inserting objects into the urethra. In fact, there are lots of guys who are into this.

Some sounding enthusiasts say it's like "jacking off from the inside." And some describe it as an intense sensation, but not necessarily painful.

Sometimes people learn about a new sexual technique from an expert, and do their homework before trying it out. More often, they get an idea on their own and start experimenting, without knowing if there's a right or wrong way to go about it. Guys who have felt the urge to stick something into their cocks have tried all sorts of things—chopsticks, toothbrush handles, thermometers, and, yes, even screwdrivers.

An expert would tell you, though, that none of these things are safe to put in your pee hole.

Sounding (the term refers to sounding the depth of water with a pole or

weighted line) is actually a medical procedure. A doctor might use a smooth, stainless-steel instrument called a sound, or bougie, to widen the urethra if it becomes narrowed—a condition called urethral stricture, which is often, but not always, caused by an untreated gonorrhea infection.

The fact that sounding is a bona fide medical procedure should give anyone pause. Some might say not to try it under any circumstance, but people can be trained to insert catheters by themselves, and sounding is not too different from self-catheterization.

There are three essential rules that always must be observed. First, never stuff anything into your cock that's not made for that purpose. The urethra is very sensitive and very delicate. Even the tiniest rough edge on an object could tear or abrade the urethral lining. Anything you elect to stick in there has to be seamlessly smooth and unbreakable. A real sound should be made of 100 percent stainless steel or high-quality silicone. Both kinds are available through online specialty sex shops. You also might find them in your local leather/kink shop.

Second, keep it sterile. Inserting anything into the urethra carries a high risk of urinary tract infection. The world outside your body, including the surface of your skin, is teeming with


bacteria. A sound, whether it's silicone or stainless steel, should always be disinfected or sterilized before and after use according to the manufacturer's recommendations. This could mean boiling it, putting it in your dishwasher, or using a pressure cooker or autoclave.

The skin has to be carefully disinfected as well. Wash your dick and hands thoroughly with soap and warm water before sounding. It's also a good idea to use a medical-grade disinfectant wipe or spray, such as CaviCide, both on your skin and the toy immediately before insertion.

The lube used for sounding should be sterile as well. Not all lubes are sterile, especially if they're in a bottle or tube that has been open for a while, or that has been refilled. A popular lube for sounding is Surgilube, which is both sterile and water soluble.

Third, if it's your first time, select the narrowest sound and go slow and use lots of lube. Many guys work up to increasing widths as the urethra stretches, but it's best to start small. Apply lube copiously, and don't force the implement inside. If it feels bad, back off. If at any point it doesn't feel good, and you're not someone who likes pain, it's okay to give up.

Sounding is definitely not a vanilla sex practice, but if you discover that it's right up your alley, so to speak, try to connect with other aficionados to seek advice as you explore it further. But if you're not sure what's safe, don't just take any random guy's word for it. Your primary-care doctor probably wouldn't be of much help, unfortunately—many doctors are quite ignorant about alternative sexual practices.

You could seek out a kink-friendly health-care provider or educator, however. The National Coalition for Sexual Freedom has an online directory of "kink-aware professionals" at NCSFreedom.org. You could also call the San Francisco Sex Information hotline at 415-989-7374. 





short story

Twenty-seven-year-old Sara Liz is an erotic model who's into the girly side of her job. The 36C-26-35 blonde beauty tells us that she loves having her hair and makeup done, and getting sexy for the camera. With results like this, we also find it easy to appreciate her girly side.

Photographs by Christopher Love

"This was a great photo shoot.
We had loud, raunchy music
playing, and we even took a
break to peek at some porn.
I seriously love my job!"









"When I'm dating someone new, I have sex right away. I don't want to waste time if there's no chemistry. But I make it easy for him. I put his hand/tongue/whatever right where I want it."






"The only physical fight I've ever had was with my sister. We were on the front lawn and it was 6:30 in the morning. Nothing was accomplished."







"I definitely think I'm more adventurous than most people. I've been nude in public parks all over the place, even though it always makes me nervous."

SEE MORE OF SARA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



■ SHOW ME THE HONEY

Ella and I dated for a few weeks before we had sex, and now we'd had a half-dozen encounters, each hotter than the one before. She's one of those girls who gets dirtier the more she knows a guy, so while our first fuck was great, things kept getting better. She seemed to get off on my being aggressive in bed, so as soon as I got to her apartment that night, I told her to lose the dress.

She turned around so I could unzip her, then slid the dress off her shoulders, revealing her bare back and gorgeous ass, which was framed by the lacy straps of her garter belt. She turned to face me, wearing only the garter belt, stockings, and heels, and stood there, as if waiting for me to tell her what to do next. I told her to go into the bedroom, lie down on the

bed on her back, and not to move until I said so.

As soon as she was lying down, I opened the drawer of her nightstand. When she'd grabbed a condom the last time I was there, I'd caught a glimpse of a vibrator and wanted to check it out. Yep, there it was, a purple plastic phallus. It was about an inch in circumference, with beads making patterns along the sides. I looked at Ella and realized she was blushing furiously as she stared at the toy in my hand.

She grabbed my dick and pulled it to her mouth, licking off the pre-come and slathering my cockhead with saliva.

"Show me how you use this," I said, and the flush spread to her chest.

"Come on, Ella. It's not like you hid it. If you really didn't want me to see it, you wouldn't keep it with your condoms."

She reached for the toy, giggling nervously, and told me she'd never masturbated in front of anyone before.

"You rubbed your clit while I was fucking you the other night, baby. That should count."

She was still blushing, but after a minute she gave me a small smile that was just a little bit wicked. Then she turned on the vibrator and slid it along her slit, pulling her lips apart with the other hand to reveal her clit. She ran the tip of the vibe up and down, tracing a circle around her clit hood each time she got to the top. She was breathing faster and her juices were starting to flow.

Ella slid about an inch of the vibe into her pussy a few times, then said, "I don't usually fuck myself with the vibrator. Instead, I like to do this." As she spoke, she put the toy flat along her inner labia, with the tip pointing at her ass and the base a couple of inches above her clit. Then she released her lips and closed her legs tightly, trapping the vibe and holding it against her slit. "When I have it like this, I fantasize about keeping it there while I suck a big, hard cock until my lover comes down my throat."

This was even better than I'd imagined. "I knew you were a dirty little slut, Ella." She grinned at me, rocking her hips slowly to grind herself against the vibrator. I quickly pulled off my shirt, jeans, socks, and boxer briefs. I'd been standing by her legs, watching the show, so I moved up to her head, stroking my cock as I moved it toward her face.

She grabbed my dick and pulled it to her mouth, licking off the pre-come and slathering my cockhead with saliva as she stroked my shaft. Then she closed her lips around it and sucked hard, taking in a little more each time I pushed forward. After a few strokes, she had her nose in my pubes, but then she pulled all the way back and told me she was about to come. "You'll have to take care of yourself, Glenn. Hold my head and fuck my face, babe."

Not a man in the world would turn down that invitation. I put one hand under her head, which was turned to the side, then drew a deep moan from Ella when I wrapped my other hand in her hair and pulled it just a little. She was pinching her nipples and gasping



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She turned on the vibrator and slid it along her slit, pulling her lips apart with the other hand to reveal her clit.

as she came, so I waited for her to catch her breath.

When she was ready, I pushed my dick into her mouth again, and she teased my shaft with her tongue while I thrust in and out, hitting the back of her throat each time. When I knew I was about to come, I paused, my dick deep in her throat, and she swallowed around the head. That did it. I shot my load but pulled out quickly, letting the last couple of spurts shoot onto Ella's face. By then she was coming again, this time with her legs spread wide as she worked the vibrator against her clit and fucked herself with two fingers.

I collapsed onto the bed next to her, thrilled that my game had gone so well. I had a feeling that sex with Ella was going to end up surpassing my wildest fantasies.—*G.D., Colorado*

■ TOO GOOD TO PASS UP

I fantasize about sex with two girls at once a lot—just like every other guy I know. When the opportunity finally came, there was no way I was going to let it pass me by, even if it didn't start out like a fantasy.

I had a date with Kate, a fuck buddy I see from time to time when neither of us is with someone else. I was shocked when she showed up at my place with a friend, since she'd always dismissed the idea of a threesome—and believe me, I'd asked. Her friend Connie was cute enough, about Kate's age, so late twenties, but I'd bet good money that she went through life having people say she'd be really attractive if she dropped 30 pounds. Like I said, not my fantasy third party, except for her amazing rack.

Kate excused us for a minute and pulled me into the kitchen, then told me that Connie had been dumped in a brutal fashion and desperately wanted to "get her groove back." She said she'd do almost anything for such a good friend, so she was willing to share me if I'd forgive her for denying she'd had girl-on-girl experiences in college. She and Connie had fooled around a bit back then, and if I was willing to provide the cock for the night, Kate was willing to add threesomes—that's right, plural—to our repertoire, as she put it.

Hell, yeah, I was willing. Kate and I went out to the living room and she walked over to Connie and pulled her in close. The girls started making out, their hands all over each other. My erection felt hard enough to drill through steel—and that was before Kate said, "Come on, Tim. Come over here and help me get Connie wet."

It took about a second to pull off my clothes and join them. Dropping to my knees, I crawled between the two girls, who were both in skirts, and fondled their asses and pussies. They had both taken off their panties, so I made sure to give them both plenty of attention. While I massaged Kate's firm butt, I stroked Connie's wet slit, my finger sliding back and forth between her puffy lips. Her curves and plump ass were actually pretty hot. When they started moaning into their kiss, I added my tongue, switching back and forth from Kate to Connie every few minutes.

By the time I thrust two fingers into each of them at the same time, they could barely focus on each other. They got down on the floor to play with me. Kate rubbed my rock-hard dick



while Connie worked on my nipples. At some point the girls had removed each other's tops and bras, and their breasts bounced in front of my face as they had their way with me. Connie's tits were even more impressive than I'd thought, but before I could enjoy them, she straddled my legs and leaned forward. Kate slid my dick into Connie's cleavage, then pulled her mouth on and off the head as Connie tit-fucked me.

The girls worked me over for a few minutes, until I pulled Kate off and rolled Connie onto her back. Pushing her tits together, I went back to fucking her chest, and she grabbed a cushion from the couch to put behind her head. Now my cockhead was sliding into her eager mouth with every stroke, and I told Kate to go down on Connie.

Kate must have done a great job on Connie's cunt, because in a just a few minutes Connie was coming so hard that she couldn't keep up with my dick. I was ready to come, too, so I pulled back several inches on my last



thrust, grabbed my dick, and aimed it at her massive mounds. I shot all over her tits, covering her nipples and leaving a stream of come in her cleavage.

Kate had stripped while she was still behind me, so while she bent over Connie to clean up my jizz, I knelt behind Kate and dove into her dripping snatch. I love eating pussy from behind, as there's nothing nastier to me than a chick in that superexposed position, and I pulled Kate's ass cheeks apart and opened her cunt for my pleasure. From the corner of my eye, I saw Kate fingering Connie's pussy, and in just a few more minutes both women were screaming as they climaxed, one right after the other.

We wordlessly rearranged ourselves so Connie could ride my cock while I continued to eat Kate's dripping-wet cunt. It took a minute to work up a good rhythm, but pretty soon I was able to thrust up to meet Connie's downward strokes without breaking my focus on Kate's delectable pussy. Once we'd found

My cockhead was sliding into her eager mouth with every stroke, and I told Kate to go down on Connie.

a pace that worked, my cock and tongue moved in sync, each thrusting into a warm, wet slit, and causing the girl above to moan uncontrollably.

We went at it like this for about 15 minutes, and then I couldn't hold back any longer. My dick was throbbing like crazy and I let go, filling Connie with my load right after Kate gushed onto my tongue again. This time Connie was the last to come, and I felt her pussy spasm and clench my wilting dick as she exploded.

The three of us spent the rest of the night—and most of the next day—fucking in every position imaginable, and we've hooked up for more hot three-way action several times since.—*T.Y., New Mexico*

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■ STACKED

I saw her for the first time through the bookshelves. She was small and Asian, with a trim figure, a tight skirt, jet-black hair pulled into a long ponytail, smooth skin, and dark eyes. She was cute, but in a studious way.

I thought nothing else of her, since I was studying for my finals in the university library. I had so much work to catch up on after too much drinking, partying, and wasting time, so I committed myself to hitting the library each and every night, staying long after most of the students, even the most enthusiastic, had left. But she was always there. It seemed her shifts at the library coincided with my study time, and the section she was assigned to just happened to match my field, biology.

After a few days, I began to watch her as she stretched on her tiptoes, reaching to return a book to its rightful place, her taut body extended, everything firm. I knew then that I had to have her.

I started to steal glances at her through the rows of literary works. I was infatuated. Her face was attractive, but it was her firm body that appealed to me. From her narrow hips to her smooth legs, everything was in perfect proportion. Before long I forgot about studying and was fixated on this girl. I didn't even know her name, but it only added to the mystique, amplifying the allure of my newfound obsession.

The next night it was the same routine. I tried to ignore my throbbing cock and my natural urges, attempting to suffocate them with schoolwork. I paid her no attention, aside from the occasional glance, as I made my way to a row of books.

Good, I thought. Throw yourself into your work. Then, head lowered, I checked my list and turned down the correct aisle, but I stopped dead in my tracks a moment later. She was there. Apparently not noticing me, she carried on taking returns off her trolley and putting them back in their spaces. I shook myself and tried to concentrate on anything else, but as I peered down at the numbers, I realized I'd have to squeeze by her through the narrow passageway, and my heart raced.

Cautiously, I headed toward her, trying to be inconspicuous, but eventually, inevitably, we met, and as we did, she leaned into the books, trying to allow me room to move past. However, as I carefully slid my body



through the gap, I paused. My eyes were drawn to her phenomenal ass, the round curve accentuated by her plaid schoolgirl skirt.

I couldn't help myself. My hand reached down, and I grabbed her firm butt. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I expected her to shriek and call for help, slap me, try anything to get away, but to my astonishment, she did nothing. Instead she took my hand in her own and guided it downward.

I was shocked that she was letting me do this. Slowly, she moved my hand below the line of her skirt, past

her thigh, her eyes never leaving the shelves. She maneuvered my palm upward, beneath the cloth, between her legs. I almost died as my fingers found themselves on her warm pussy. She wasn't wearing underwear!

She began to rub my hand across her pussy, back and forth, making herself wet. For minutes we massaged her clit together, her head dropping down as she writhed in bliss. Her love juice trickled down my fingers, coating them. I took them away and licked her nectar, then allowed her to do the same. She complied willingly, then bit down lightly on my finger. It was her turn.

While she was still facing the books, her free hand reached to my pants and rubbed my crotch. I stood back and let her unzip my jeans, reach in, and grab hold of my throbbing dick. Soon it was pulled loose and standing tall and erect as it passed

My fingers explored her, and I could feel her body respond. She was reaching the crescendo of our sexual orchestra.

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through her hand, up and down, up and down. My fingers returned to her drenched snatch and found their way inside. Then she got a strong grip on my cock and let the head run over the contours of her backside, up and down through the valley, over her asshole, descending to the entrance of her gaping hole. I was ready to penetrate her.

But it was all a tease. Realizing her apprehension—we had no protection—we resumed our foreplay, masturbating each other, right there out in the open. My fingers explored her, and I could feel her body respond. She was nearing the crescendo of our sexual orchestra. I, too, was about to burst, and I could tell it would be spectacular. Incredibly, we exploded together in a wave of pleasure, coming powerfully and drenching our hands—and a few nearby books—our juices.

Sapped of energy, I wiped the sweat off my brow, raised my zipper, and watched her legs twitch and quiver in the aftershock of her eruption. Then, without so much as a look at me, she casually took the next book off her trolley and resumed doing her job.

I left bewildered, almost convinced I'd imagined it all. But when I stood outside in the cool night breeze and lifted my hand to my nose, I took in her sweet scent. It had been no dream.—*S.H., South Dakota*

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

My girlfriend and I had plans to celebrate my birthday, but little did I know what a night to remember it would be. Lori arrived around 7, looking beautiful. She had flowers and cake and was wearing a long trench coat and ridiculously high heels. As I took off her coat, I was surprised to find that she was wearing nothing else but a red thong and a red velvet bow for a bra. I wanted to take her right there on the spot.

I kept my rock-hard cock and aching balls under control as we got comfortable in front of the fireplace. It didn't take long, though, till I had my cutie riding my tongue. I immediately started kissing her pussy lips and licking her with long, tender strokes, making her dance on my face in the firelight. I pushed her thong aside and really went to town, delighting in the taste of her sweet juices. I didn't stop until she was ready to explode, and I made sure she had the most intense orgasm of her life.



Her pussy was swollen and dripping. I took control, holding her hips and stroking her clit to the rhythm of my thrusting.

After she came, she returned the favor, sucking my throbbing hard-on as well as she always does, slowly tasting my swollen cock and my balls. I didn't know how long I could hold out without blowing my wad. Lori has the most talented mouth of any girl I've ever been with, and the way her tongue was flitting over my dick had me on the edge of my seat.

When that got to be too much, we headed for the bedroom, where things heated up even more. I put on some music before Lori got there, and she came in dancing to the rhythmic beat and stripping off what little clothing she had on. I lay down on the bed to watch her, and after a quick striptease, she was straddling my naked body and taking my dick for a ride.

Her pussy was swollen and dripping with anticipation, and I couldn't wait to dive in. I thought I was dreaming as she slowly lowered herself onto me, but her cunt clenched my rod and broke me out of my trance. I took control, holding her hips and stroking her clit to the steady rhythm of my thrusting cock.

Soon she was riding me hard, and the sweet sound of her flesh slapping against mine was driving me wild. Then she came with a force greater than ever before. As her pussy tightened around my shaft, I shot off like a fountain, squirting deep into her. That was one birthday celebration I'll never forget.—*W.G., Virginia*

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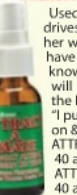
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She's Got Game

The Hunger Games hits Blu-ray on August 18. While we count the days until we can watch Jennifer Lawrence kick ass in high-def, let's pay, er, tribute to our favorite death-match heroine with the Top 5 reasons we're hooked on her.

1. SHE'S NOT AFRAID TO GET DIRTY.

Lawrence was raised in Kentucky, where her parents owned a horse farm. When she landed her breakthrough role in *Winter's Bone*, she headed home to reconnect with her roots—cleaning stables, chopping wood, and learning how to handle a gun. (The down-home training paid off—she was nominated for an Oscar for Best Actress.)

2. THAT BODY.

To play postapocalyptic heroine Katniss Everdeen, Lawrence trained like a true action star—her four-hour-a-day regimen included hand-to-hand combat, yoga, track running, and free running. "There was a lot of pressure to get your body to a place where an entire franchise is based [on it]," she told *The Hollywood Reporter* earlier this year. We're grateful for her efforts.


3. WE ACTUALLY LIKE HER MOVIES.

Heaven help us if we have to sit through one more shitty, low-budget romantic comedy to catch a glimpse of Olivia Munn or Malin Akerman. But Lawrence has a knack for choosing solid scripts. Aside from next year's *Hunger Games* sequel, she's in the horror flick *House at the End of the Street* and the Robert De Niro/Bradley Cooper comedy *Silver Linings Playbook*. Next year, she'll also reprise her role as Raven/Mystique in the follow-up to *X-Men: First Class*.

4. SHE'S JUST SO FREAKIN' NICE.

The grueling workouts, the nonstop press tour, the rabid fans—by now, most actors would be complaining about the pitfalls of fame. But in an interview with *Glamour*, Lawrence said, "I'm doing what I love, and then I get months and months of rest. I have a lot of money for a 21-year-old. I can't stand it when actors complain." Hold the phones—was that humility coming from one of the few young stars who actually deserves to have a monster ego?

5. SHE'S PAVING THE WAY FOR HOT CHICKS EVERYWHERE.

Before Katniss came along, not a single movie in the 200 top-grossing films of all time in the United States was anchored by a female action star. (*Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* is No. 301, *Salt* is 377, and we're still waiting for that long-rumored Wonder Woman movie.) But *Hunger Games* rocketed to No. 13. We can only hope that leads to more sexy, badass heroines. 



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